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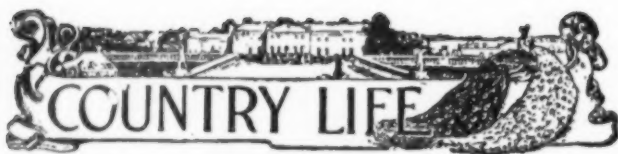
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MME. LALLIE CHARLES,

LADY GEORGE DUNDAS.

39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

MINOR POST OFFICE REFORMS.

WITHOUT wishing to detract in any way from Mr. Herbert Samuel's share in bringing forward the large number of reforms in the Post Office which he described the other night, we cannot be far wrong in concluding that the majority of them were conceived and brought to fruition by the Permanent Officers of the Crown. At any rate, whatever their origin, they are most useful, if humble, rearrangements. It may be useful to run over them in detail. The first on the list is a reduction in the telephone fee between London and Paris from 8s. to 4s. This is a concession that will be highly valued at a time when transactions between the two capitals show a fixed tendency to increase in number and importance. The difference is quite sufficient to give an impetus to the use of the International telephone. Another admirable little change is the permission to use telephone numbers as telegraphic addresses. We all know the difficulty of inventing a word that will serve as a telegraphic address, and this will be got over without trouble or confusion by the use of the telephone number. The reform is one that in its own little way will be found very convenient. Other tiny changes are equally admirable, as, for example, the arrangement for selling single post-cards at a halfpenny each and single letter-cards at a penny each. Many of us scarcely ever use these means of communication except in urgent cases. The present writer, at all events, must confess to an unmitigated and prejudicial dislike to post-cards in any shape or form; yet there are times when one wishes to send a message by post and only has time to run into the nearest post-office and buy a post-card or a postal-letter. One used to be charged 1½d. for the latter if bought singly. Of course, this is a very great increase in price proportionately, first, because a farthing is 25 per cent. of a penny, and second, because the farthing given in change is to most people a useless little coin. One gets a farthing occasionally, but one never pays farthings. It is much better business to be able to go into a post-office and get the article wanted for exact and level money. Other reforms similar in character to these are

that stamped wrappers and envelopes are to be cheaper and books of stamps costing 2s. are to contain 2s. worth of stamps. The regulation forbidding printed matter to be fixed on post-cards is abolished; and there are two little regulations which business men will appreciate. One is the abolition of the rule that a watch must always be registered. Of course, the origin of this, when we seek it in the mists of antiquity, is found to lie in the wonderful popularisation of watches that has taken place since these regulations were first made. A quarter of a century ago nobody of any position would have thought of carrying one of the cheap watches that can be purchased for a shilling or two to-day. We remember the time when even the rustic was proud of his silver repeater, and particularly proud of its size, it having been made in the time of his grandfather at latest and handed carefully down through several generations. Nowadays, you can buy a watch with your newspaper at the railway station, and some of the cheapest are excellent in shape and accurate in movement. Many, too, are sold under a guarantee that if they go wrong they will be put right by the manufacturer if sent to him through the post. But this up to now has necessitated registration, and the cost of registration is considerable as compared with the value of a watch that cost 5s. when new. Another change which will be welcomed by business men is that a receipt for posting is to be obtainable for a halfpenny. This receipt will not carry with it any special guarantee of responsibility on the part of the Post Office, and will not be regarded as a substitute for registration by the sender; it will, however, afford proof that the errand boy or other person entrusted with the posting of a letter has actually carried out the operation; and, of course, in the case of a postal packet happening to be lost, the possession of such a certificate would strengthen the hand of the sender if he were required to prove that the missive had actually been placed in the charge of the Post Office.

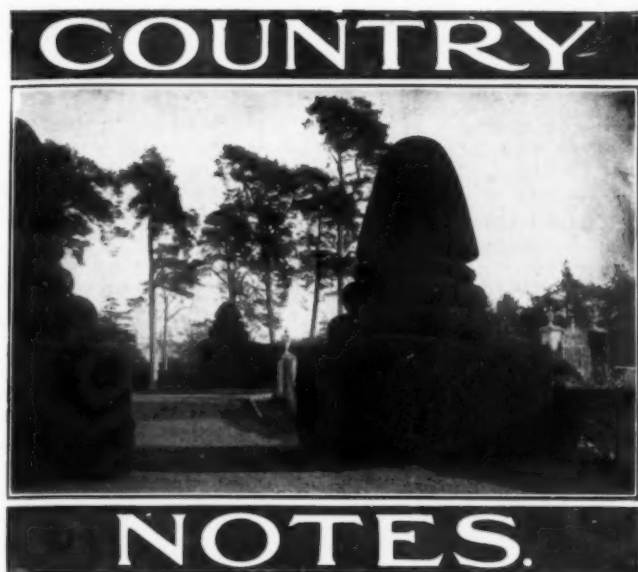
No announcement was made in regard to the acquisition of the National Telephone Company; but we understand that preparations are steadily being made for the acquisition of all telephones by the Government. The advantages of having only one system are too obvious to require enumeration. At present there is the double difficulty for long-distance telephoning of working on two systems and also having to deal with two accounts. The majority of householders have a considerable dislike to the plan that has necessarily to be adopted at present of paying the National Telephone Company at stated intervals, annually or six-monthly, as the case may be, and of receiving stupid little accounts of trunk calls weekly. It would be much more convenient if all calls could be negotiated for in the same way, that is, if the sum paid down at the beginning of the term covered the trunk as well as the local calls.

In the numeration it may seem that these are only slight changes; but in perfecting a system so well developed as the Post Office, a time must come when there are no more large heroic alterations to be made. It has been going on developing now for a long time, and the majority of thoughtful men agree that the organisation is a very wonderful one. For one letter lost or misdelivered, thousands are carried every day to their destination with a regularity and promptitude that are almost mechanical. The way in which the work of the Post Office is carried out still remains in striking contrast to similar work done by the railway companies. If, for instance, a small parcel be despatched by the railway company and another small parcel by the Parcel Post, we know with as near an approach to certainty as is possible that the latter will not only be delivered, but delivered at an hour which is known beforehand, whereas the railway company parcel may or may not come to hand at the appointed time. The chances are very much against anyone knowing exactly when it will reach its destination; and whoever is in the habit of sending or receiving many parcels by rail has become inured to the inconvenience of having to wait an extra four-and-twenty hours before delivery is made. The Post Office, on the other hand, does its work with signal and genuine efficiency, collecting, transmitting and distributing with the regularity and precision of clockwork.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady George Dundas. Lady George Dundas is the daughter of the late Colonel Hawley; her marriage to Lord Dundas took place in 1906.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



NEXT week there will be published the Christmas Number of COUNTRY LIFE. It is an annual occurrence, and yet far removed from anything in the way of routine. For weeks before its appearance the efforts of the staff are concentrated on the endeavour to make this the most interesting and beautiful issue of the twelve months. There is always the high hope that the latest effort will outdistance all that have gone before it. And then the question comes: Have we succeeded? Though, as a rule, opposed to the use of language that savours of over-confidence, we are inclined to answer in the affirmative. Improvements in paper, ink and methods of printing bid fair to result in a production which cannot fail to delight all who have an eye for beauty. Our public has invariably displayed so much sympathy with our efforts in this direction that we feel sure the announcement will be hailed with general satisfaction.

Lord Rosebery's *Life of Chatham*, reviewed in another part of the paper, is so excellently well done as to suggest that the country, after all, has not lost by the withdrawal of the most brilliant Scotsman of his time from practical politics. Lord Rosebery's gifts and sympathies are more literary than political; perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say that he is more of a philosopher than of a party man. In his *Life of Chatham* he shows a fine detachment and impartiality of mind in summing up the characters of the men by whom Chatham was surrounded and in analysing the involved political issues in the reign of George II. It is to be hoped that Lord Rosebery will carry his enterprise to its legitimate conclusion, namely, the writing of the second part of Lord Chatham's life, when he had come to his own and was the great and trusted Minister of England, one who held such a position as was not to be attained to again until the Duke of Wellington appeared on the scene.

Dismay is the only right word with which to describe the attitude of the country towards the announcement that a General Election is to take place between now and Christmas. A General Election is an inconvenience at any time; but in January in this year its occurrence had been looked upon as inevitable, and people went through it with patience and good humour. But another struggle within the same twelve months is less bearable. The shopkeepers recognise that it means a serious interference with the business they expect to do in the weeks before Christmas. Many of their best customers, instead of coming up to town and shopping, will be closely engaged in the constituencies, and would have no time for that "going about to see things" which is the recognised amusement of the season. Again, those who are in a large way of business know very well that a General Election happening near Christmas intensifies the difficulty of getting in their debts. So many demands are made on the pockets of those who have money that they are naturally inclined to delay the payment of their bills. We never knew an election the approach of which was so generally regarded with repugnance.

The Kaiser in addressing the cadets at the new naval school at Muerwik, near Flensburg, put his finger on a weak spot when he told them to avoid the use of alcohol. He said "the next war would demand healthy men, and victory would belong to that nation which showed the smallest consumption of alcohol." It is not only that the temperate man is best able

to acquit himself creditably in battle, but his wounds will heal more quickly. The clean-cutting bullet of the modern rifle does not inflict a very bad wound if it avoids a vital spot, and recent experience has shown, or, at least, teetotallers claim this to be the case, that those who abstained from the use of alcohol recovered more readily both in the South African War and in the war between the Russians and the Japanese. In these days, when warfare is carried on by methods so much more scientific than formerly, it is even of greater importance that those engaged in it should have cool heads than that they should have strong hands.

As the negotiations for the purchase of Mr. Walter Long's property by the Crown have fallen through, the tenants have an opportunity that may not occur again to them, and for our part we would very much like to see them try an experiment such as that which proved so successful with a smaller class of holdings at Winterslow in the same county. No doubt the price obtainable at the present moment is higher than the owner would have expected to get ten or fifteen years ago; but there is every prospect that agricultural land will in the future attain still higher value. Thus there would be very little risk in the purchase, and it might be managed by forming a council or a company which would acquire the whole of the property and sell it to such of the tenants as wished to become owners and had the means of doing so; while those who were not yet ready to buy could be continued as tenants with an option of purchase within a given term of years. A scheme of this kind was, we believe, mooted and dismissed as impracticable; but those who have studied Major Poore's famous experiment would probably not be inclined to give up so easily. It would be very much better for the tenants to have the chance of acquiring their land than that it should go into the hands of any stranger who might bid for it at public auction. With a solid property like land there would be no difficulty in borrowing the amount required.

TORMENTUM.

(From the French of Prince Charles Cantacuzene.)

I think if I push the door—
(Are you dead?) . . .
That I shall make you stir once more
Behind the door
Sullen yet yielding too;
And you,
With gesture uncomfited,
Will stand
With white lilac in your hand,
With a great sadness on your brow so fair,
With perfumes and caresses in your hair;
And in your heart, my dear,
Both joy and fear.
And some sweet tenderness to greet me here!
(Are you dead?) . . .
Come—I will push the door,
For you must not be dead . . .
You must show yourself at the door
Beautiful as before,
No *De Profundis* said . . .
I want to see your face with those
Soft hues of lily and rose;
I want our long walks again
In afternoons wet with rain
Yet sweet,
Down the grey Paris street,
Across Paris so wide,
You at my side,
Your slender form
Alas, upon my arm . . .
Your tired hand thin and warm
Leaning upon my arm . . .
See . . . I will open the door as I said . . .
Nay . . . for perhaps it is true . . . you
are dead . . .

ISABEL CLARKE.

Much interest attaches to the statements that have now been made in regard to the yield of wheat in various foreign countries, as the supply must determine the price of flour, and therefore the price of bread, in the coming winter. At present, for some reason which is not altogether plain, wheat is going down in value, and English wheat is selling at very little over 30s. a quarter, a considerable disappointment to those farmers who expected it to rise. But reports from abroad would certainly lead us to expect a great change in this. The French Government calculates that that country will have to import 7,000,000 quarters during the year. The French would probably buy a great portion of their wheat from Russia, which has produced the largest crop on record, the official calculations being that it amounts to

102,700,000 quarters. Yet the yield is very small, and may be expected to expand very largely as improved methods of agriculture are introduced into Russia. India, too, has produced a good crop, and no doubt the supplies from Russia and India have upset the calculations of those who expected the shortness of the crop in the United States and Canada to cause the price to go up. It is because we draw our supplies from every part of the world that there is some stability in the price of wheat.

The approach of Yuletide is, as usual, heralded by the shows of fat stock which are a pleasant reminder of the groaning table that still is characteristic of the season. The opening show at Norwich has already been held, and now the one at Smithfield is being rapidly prepared for. It promises to be one of the most striking exhibitions of fat cattle ever held in Great Britain. The entries, at any rate, beat all previous records, and comprise 280 head of cattle, 170 pens of sheep, 117 pens of two pigs and 36 single pigs; and for the carcass competition 37 cattle, 76 sheep, and 35 pigs; and in the table poultry section 265 entries, the total number of entries in the three sections being 1,025, comparing with 918 entries last year. It is rather sad to think that, after such elaborate preparations have been made, in all probability a General Election will be in full blast when the show is opened. This must very greatly interfere with the convenience of many who make a point to attend every year. We earnestly hope, however, that the general visitors will not show any appreciable falling off in the matter of numbers. The Smithfield Show has always been a popular and well-managed institution, and it would be a misfortune if anything were to occur to mar its success.

Count Leo Tolstoy has, like the late Mark Twain, undergone the unusual experience of living after his own memorial notices had been published; but, unlike the American humorist, he was, unfortunately, not in a position to enjoy or criticise them. His departure from his home appears to have been one of those vagaries to which the old and feeble are sometimes addicted. We could have wished him a statelier passing, for Count Tolstoy was one of the giants of his age. It is easy to find fault with his philosophy, his writings, his opinions, and even his conduct of life, for he was a law unto himself, and absolutely obeyed no other injunction than the command "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." He drank the cup of life to the lees, and will ever stand out in history like some great, wide-branched tree that, free from any restriction, has been allowed to develop its natural form to the full. He was the great individualist of his era.

The games and the toys of children acquire quite a new interest in the light that is thrown on them by the lecture of Dr. A. C. Haddon at the Royal Sanitary Institute at Buckingham Palace Road, for he showed how some of them are common to children of very different parts of the world, self-taught, and part and parcel of humanity's common development. Therein they take their place with those folk-lore stories which are common to the childhood of many races which could not have borrowed them from one another. Thus he showed, by lantern slides, the ubiquity of leap-frog. Another interesting point is that many games have their origin in religious ceremonies, such as marriage, sacrifice, burial, etc., the children, of course, imitating in their play that which the elders perform with all solemnity. Modern instances of this tendency are not far to seek. He referred also to the effect of games on the moral and mental as well as the physical development of the children. This, too, is an old story, whether or no that story is as true as it is old of Wellington's saying that Waterloo was won on the Playing Fields of Eton. If the child is father of the man, his childish games must form part of the groundwork of the grown man's character.

One good effect of the threat of plague is that it has stirred up local bodies to take action against the rat. For many years now it has been urged from Press and from platform that this was a pressing and incumbent duty, that the rat is a thief whose pilferings amount to an enormous value in the course of the year, that it does no good on the earth and that it is a carrier of infection. In spite of all that, rats in many counties have multiplied exceedingly, and the newspapers are full of reports of meetings where urgent action is demanded. If, however, the crusade goes on it must bring us face to face with some difficulties. We know a case, and, doubtless, our readers know many others, where the landowner is a vegetarian. He objects to taking life. The rats on his land exist in armies. During the summer we have seen them scuttle out of a wheatfield

in crowds. Now, will the law oblige a man like that to kill rats, or will the local authorities be compelled to come in and kill them whether he wishes it or not?

Surprise has been expressed in several newspapers at Mr. Baring Gould's statement that bagpipes were popular in England before Scotland had heard of them. There is no evidence that the bagpipes were a Scotch invention. They are believed to have reached England with the Celtic migration from the East; or they may have been brought here by the Romans, who used this instrument under the name of *tibia utricularis*. Judging from illuminated MSS. and carvings in cathedrals, the bagpipes must have taken a large part in the English life in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Chaucer's Pilgrims were regaled by the music of the Miller, "A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and sounen," and a fifteenth century writer recorded that when a pilgrim hurt his foot against a stone, "it is well done" if one of his companions "take out of his bosome a Bagge-pipe for to drive away with soche myrthe the hurte of his fellow." In Milton's time bagpipes and rebecks were favourite instruments in English villages. The bagpipes are not referred to as "Scotch" till the seventeenth century; they must have reached Scotland through Northumberland, which boasts of its own Northumbrian bagpipes.

THE GYPSIES PASS.

Ripe grow the strawberries; the bell-heath has blown;
There's music in the Forest when the hay is mown;
Swaying like to scythe-blade,
Bending like to flow'r,
Treading subtle paces in the night-hawk's hour;
Swinging hoshamengri and beating tambourine,
Dancing with the rakli round the bushes green!
Dark grow the black-hearts along the heather-sod;
The gypsy carts are coming, and the raklo's on the road;
Laughing like to rain-bird;
Singing like to thrush;
Rokkerin' like to reed-bird hidden in a bush;
Rattling in the market-cart behind the tawny mare,
Riding with the ponies into Ringwood Fair!
From the hoeing and the mowing and the lavender rows gray;
From laying down the runners down to Warsash way;
Kerchieved as the buttercup,
Ring'd as the moon,
Beaded like the briony, scarlet-threaded soon;
Driving in the tilted cart from smoky tent and tan,
Rumbling down the roadway in the red caravan!
Red grow the hollies, and Christmas draws anear;
From the hops and the harvest and the autumn Fair,
The juval with her tshavi;
The dades with his grei;
The raklo with his jukal, they're all a-trav'ling by;
Chinnen' kausha round the yag and dukkerin' up the drom,
Chal and tshai, the Didakei, come trooping home!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

At this season, when the outdoor garden has been devastated by frost and cold winds, it is necessary to rely on the greenhouse for the flowers which now form so indispensable a feature of home-life in this country. Fortunately, there are quite a number of plants which give us their blossoms naturally at this season when afforded the shelter of a warm house, and of these, none is more highly appreciated than the winter or perpetual flowering carnations. Although these have for many years been grown extensively in the United States, it is only during the last decade that their cultivation has received attention in this country. Since then many new varieties have been raised, and these are much more beautiful than the older sorts that came to us from America. Visitors to the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall on Tuesday last had an excellent opportunity of ascertaining the value of this race of carnation during the dull, cold days of winter. Many beautiful groups were arranged in the large hall, the long, stout stems of the flowers lending themselves admirably to artistic arrangement. The range of colours is already a large one; but the delicate pink shades of such varieties as Lady Alington and Mrs. H. Burnett appear to be the most useful; they are particularly beautiful in artificial light.

The sale and purchase of islands continues briskly. It was only the other day that we heard of the island of Skreena passing into the possession of a Scotsman owning a place in Sussex, and now there is an announcement of the sale, or offering for sale, of the great island of Lewis. This is a very different proposition, and it seems as if this were an island worthy of being the sea-girt realm of a Princess of Thule, with its capital of Stornoway

containing in itself four thousand souls. It appears that there is in the heart of very many something of the spirit of Alexander Selkirk which finds its delight partly in the comparative solitude of these island homes, and yet more perhaps in the consideration of lordship, "from the centre all round to the sea, of the fowl and the brute." A great many feel that they were born to be kings, and a few have kingship thrust upon them. But there are a few besides who are able to gratify, in a measure, this regal spirit by the purchase of an island over which to reign. That, perhaps, is the chief secret of the undoubted attraction of these insular possessions.

Those who frequently cross the ocean and do not love it, will rejoice to hear that there is good prospect of a yet further

reduction in the rapidly diminishing time occupied in the voyage from Great Britain to America. It seems likely that the long-mooted idea of a landing-place for the great liners at Montauk Point, at the end of Long Island, will become an accomplished fact, and its accomplishment would mean the substitution of a two hours' railroad journey for ten hours in the big ship. That is so much to the good for those whose time is precious or who do not like the sea. The only drawback that suggests itself to us is that the proposed line would run (as indeed a present line runs) through what is notoriously the most mosquito-ridden district in all the Eastern States. Possibly the mosquitoes will not board the trains in numbers, and possibly will not be transferred thence to the ships, but they are not to be trusted. The Long Island mosquito is a busy insect.

SOME SPECIMENS IN SIR E. LODER'S MUSEUM.—I.

IT seems right, beginning to talk about the splendid collection of heads and other trophies in the collection of Sir Edmund Loder, to put in first place that gazelle which is called by his name—*Gazella Leptoceros Loderi* (Algerian). It is a singularly graceful little beast, like all the gazelles, with a strong likeness to the Atlas gazelle or *Gazella Cuvieri*, which has the same habitat, Algeria; but the Loder's gazelle is a smaller and finer creature, not, indeed, above half the weight. The Dorcas is much of its size. On the next illustration to that which shows the gazelle set up as in life are shown side by side the horns of the two species—Loderi and Cuvieri. In each case the pair of horns photographed is a "record"; that is to say, they may be taken as at least representative, and it is seen that those of Loderi, though moreslender, are actually longer than those of Cuvieri, an animal considerably greater in size of body. The "battle of the species" is one on which we are not disposed to enter; but it seems hardly likely that anyone could deny specific difference to those two animals were it only that they carry this distinction on their heads. Sir Edmund's attention was first directed to this antelope by a head which he found in a bazaar at Biskra. It is named the "Reem" gazelle by the Arabs, who seem to have been distinctly aware of its difference from the Atlas gazelle or from the Dorcas.

Another antelope to which the name of Sir Edmund is distinctively attached is Loder's Puku kob (*Kobus vari- oni Loderi*), and the head and horns of this species are here shown in juxtaposition with the head and horns of the ordinary Kobus. It ought to be particularly noted that while the



LODER'S GAZELLE.

horns of the former are greatly larger and heavier, the skull from which they grew is appreciably smaller. The horn measurements of this Loder's Puku kob, supposed to be unique, are 21in. in length, 8in. in circumference and 8½in. from tip to tip. Of course, as we all know, measurements which constitute records and the like have to be taken at their worth for the moment. It may always happen at any time that a fortunate hunter may be in the very act of handing in at Mr. Rowland Ward's shop a specimen which shall upset all previous calculations as to record size and other qualities.

The hunt for the Loder's gazelle was made the object of a special expedition into the Algerian Sahara by Sir Edmund, in company with Sir A. E. Pease, in 1894. It was not until the ninth day out, after marching over the desert sands, that they were rewarded with a sight of the "Reem," and the kill of the first specimen, a male, was probably due to Sir Edmund's exceptional skill as a rifle-shot, for it was bagged at one hundred and fifty yards, which is far enough for so small a mark. This specimen, which was a male of what seems to be medium size, stood 2ft. 4in. at the shoulder, had a girth of 2ft. 1in. and horns of 13in. Sir Edmund notes that this is just about the size and weight of the *Gazelle Dorcas*, but a great deal less than the weight of *G. Cuvieri*. *Cuvieri* is stated to be found only in the stony mountains,



LODER'S PUKU KOB AND ORDINARY PUKU KOB.

LODER'S GAZELLE AND ORDINARY GAZELLE.

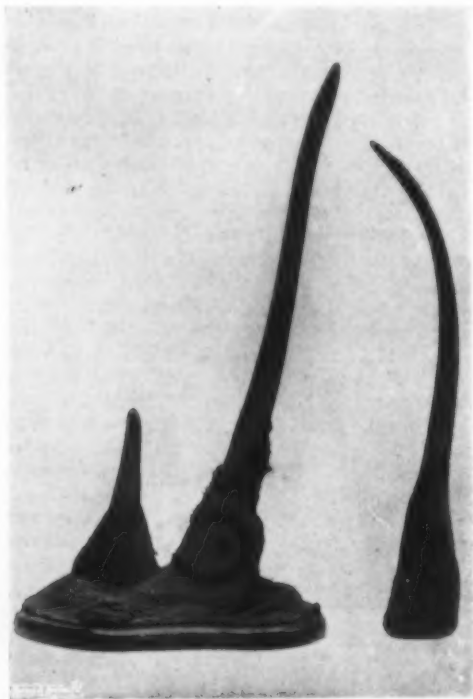
Dorcas in both mountains and deserts, but Loderi takes the place of *Dorcas* in the pure desert further south. It is said to be practically certain that this gazelle never drinks. The comparative horn measurements of the Loder's gazelle and the Atlas (*Cuvieri*) shown side by side here, are, for the

former, 15 19-20in. in length, 3½in. in circumference and 7½in. from tip to tip; and for the latter, 14½in. in length, 5in. in circumference, and 3½in. from tip to tip. One of the distinguishing marks of Loderi or the "Reem" is the very long hoof, recalling the *Tragelaphus Spekii* of the swamps. Yet the "Reem" is a gazelle that appears never to go near water. It should be noted that the Atlas gazelle's horns, with which



WARTHOG.

the comparison is made, are a record pair of their kind. It is hardly possible to pass without notice Sir E. Loder's account of the guide who accompanied them in this hunt for the new species. He deserves to be put in a museum himself, and would be an invaluable advertisement to Mr. Eustace Miles and the rest of the vegetarians. "Our negro guide ran



BLACK RHINOCEROS FROM UGANDA.

before us with surprising speed and endurance for three and a-half hours before we halted and tied up our horses. In the evening, after walking all day in the hot sun and a soft road, he showed himself still untired and ready to run at the same pace again back to camp. This remarkable man said that he had lived for seven years in the desert without sleeping in a house or tent, and had hardly tasted water, bread or meat; during the whole of that time his food consisted of dates and camel's milk, and he attributed

his strength to this diet."

With regard to the Loder's variety of the Puku kob, Mr. Lyddeker had a paper in 1899, in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society, discussing it, but failing to assign a distinct habitat for it. His paper bore the heading, "Description of the Skin of an Apparently New Kob Antelope from the Neighbourhood of Lake Mweru, with Note on a Skull and Horns of an Antelope of the Same Genus." The said skull and horns are those figured here.

There is no reason to dwell over the next two of the photo-

graphs. Both the specimens shown are very fine. The wart-hog is not quite a record. It stands second in the list of the world's trophies of its kind; but the tusks are singularly good and perfect. Sir Edmund is not able to say where this specimen came from. The blesbok's horns, on the contrary, are a record pair, being 18½in. in length, 5½in. in circumference and 12½in. from tip to tip. The rhinoceros horns, in the next illustration, are peculiarly interesting. At first glance one would say "Oh, horns of white rhino!" for they have the long, thin form of the horn of the white variety. Both are horns of the same species, the single horn being very curious in its curve towards the tip. But both are, in fact, horns of the black rhinoceros, and from a



BLES-BOK.



RECORD CARIBOU.

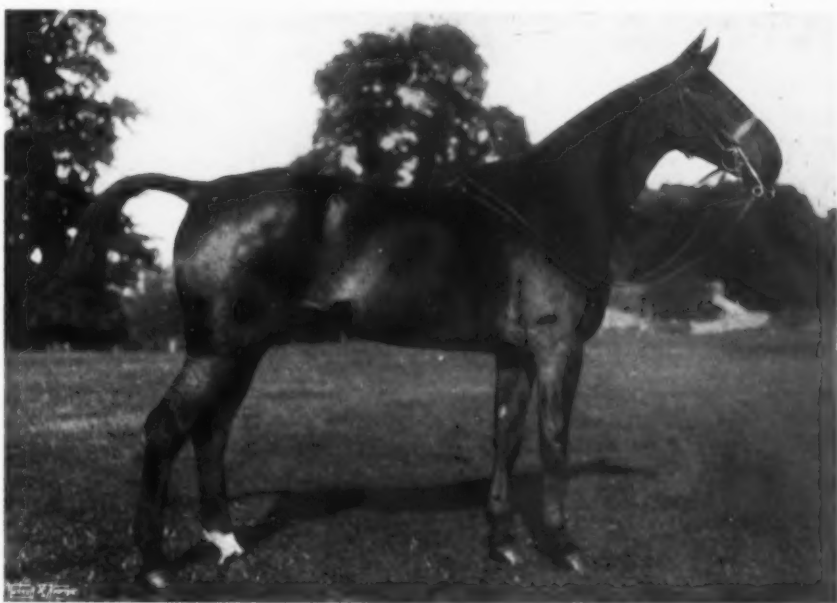
country which is not commonly supposed to be a habitat of the rhinoceros at all; that is to say, from Uganda, from the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, and it appears that the bearers of both these horns were killed not very far from Molo. They are to be taken as specimens of the horns of the ordinary rhinoceros bicornis, only with the peculiar, perhaps local, shape of the forward horn. The measurements of the two-horned pair are as follows: Length of front horn, 36½ in., and girth of base, 20 in.; length of rear horn, 12½ in., with girth of 17 in. The single horn has a length of 35½ in. and a girth of 16½ in. We may finish off this first instalment of what is really a

very wonderful show with the picture of a record head of the caribou. This is the caribou of the Barren Grounds, not the woodland caribou—*Rangifer tarandus arcticus*. Its points are in number twelve by seventeen, and the measurements of this great forest of branching horns as follows: Length, 62 in.; circumference, 5½ in.; width from tip to tip, 40 in.; but the widest measure of farthest tip from farthest tip is 50½ in. It does not seem to be known very exactly where this specimen came from, but certainly it is from Canada, and it is thought to be from the shores of Hudson's Bay.

(To be concluded.)

THE WARWICKSHIRE HUNT HORSES.

I CONFESS I am a pessimist about the future of horse-breeding in England. The motor-car, whether a benefit or the reverse, has done irreparable injury to the interests of horse-breeders, and probably, in the long run, to those of fox-hunting. When railroads were laid down, I know well that Nimrod and other writers of the time predicted the speedy disappearance of the horse and the end of fox-hunting. The event has proved both forecasts to be false. I trust it may be so now. But the railway was not incompatible with the use of carriages and horses on the road. There is no room on the roads, I fear, for horse-drawn vehicles and automobiles while human nature is what it is. I confess that I am not unprejudiced, because while the literature of the car informs me that those who go in for motoring regard their cars with enthusiasm and almost affection, these machines appear to me to be no more interesting than a train, and to be but a useful, prosaic and rather uncomfortable method of getting over the ground. To ride in a motor gives me not the faintest thrill of pleasure. To ride behind horses, still more to drive pair or tandem, is a very real enjoyment, and I would at any time rather ride in a costermonger's cart behind a fast-trotting donkey than in the finest car Olympia could produce. What I regret most about the success of motors is the injury to hunter-breeding. But it may be objected that more hunters are required nowadays than ever. That is true; but it does not pay to breed them. I do not think that hunter-breeding was ever a road to wealth. I have lived in a horse-breeding country, and tried my hand at breeding hunters in a small way under favourable circumstances; that is, I had two or three good mares, some acres of suitable pastures and an excellent market close at hand. Besides, I could ride the young horses in the hunting-field, and thus obtain much of my hunting at a cheap rate. When I gave up breeding I came to the conclusion that I had made



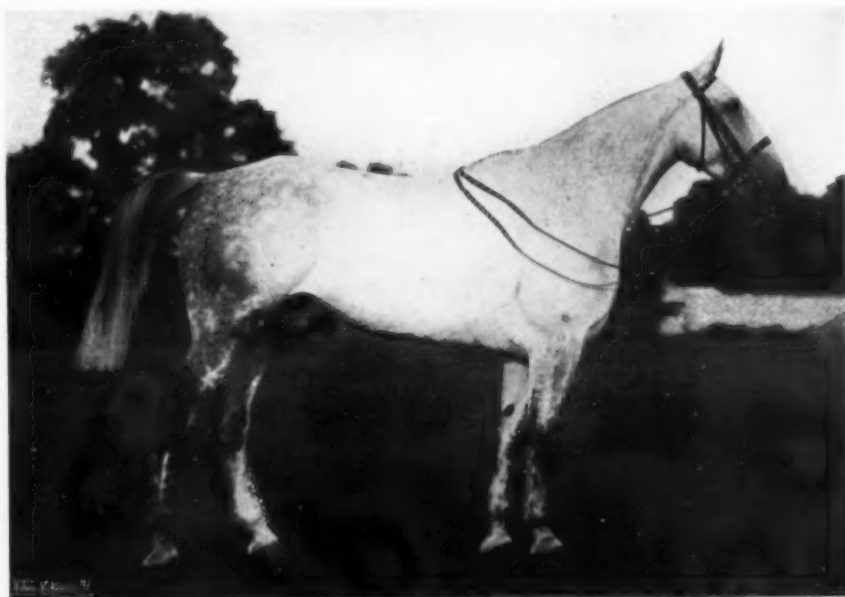
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CRACKENTHORPE.

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a small, very small, profit, and had enjoyed some good days' hunting for nothing. This, I think, was also the case with my neighbours, who were tenant farmers. I think they were satisfied if the horses were not bred at a loss and gave them their hunting free. There was always the chance of a windfall. Once a keen-eyed man, well mounted, turned up in our provincial hunt and took away four or five of our best young horses, at prices varying from eighty to one hundred and twenty guineas. He was, I believe, buying for a wealthy M.F.H. Those of us who sold him horses at these prices made a fair but, as all breeders well know, not an extravagant profit. More often the price we obtained just covered expenses. At the present moment a hunting farmer is

offering me a well-bred horse for a price which cannot do more than give him a year's hunting for nothing; that is, it will just pay the out-of-pocket expenses of rearing the colt up to five years old, and he has ridden him for a season into the bargain. Two or three farmers in my neighbourhood do this; but they are well-to-do men, sound judges and in no hurry to sell, and are fond of the sport. But to return to my own experiences. We could, in former years, always sell our misfits (the colts which were not up to hunter shape and quality) for light draught, and there was often very little to choose between the carriage and hunter type in looks and quality. There may still be a demand for horses with action for harness; but there is very little for the useful average country carriage horse, and this makes the lot of the hunter-breeder hard indeed. The absence of a market for harness horses changes a small and uncertain profit on horse-breeding into a certain loss. But somewhat brighter days seem in store for light horse-breeders. The Government seems disposed to help, and the suggested grant of fifty thousand pounds, if judiciously applied, might do much. The purchase of three year olds by the Remount Department, and the establishment of a reserve of horses for the Territorial Army, by encouraging or assisting



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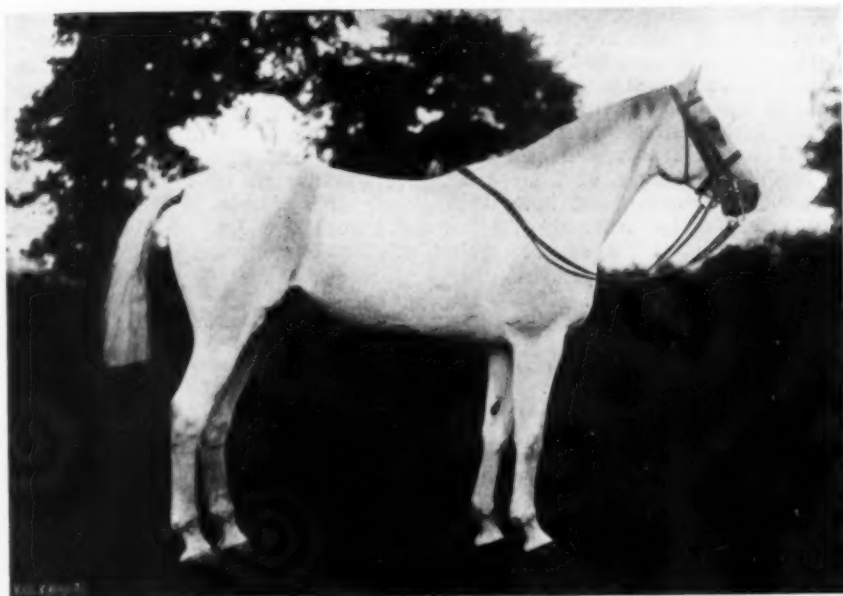
HISTORIAN

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those who are willing to keep light horses and use them fairly, will do even more. At present the Government has not tapped this last source of strength to the horse supply. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men, good horse-masters and horsemen, who keep one or two hunters, who would be most excellent people to whom to lease or lend under proper conditions suitable horses. These men would gladly pay ten or twelve pounds a year for the use of a horse, and would not be unwilling to agree to his being taken for Yeomanry training.

But though Government help and Government encouragement will be valuable to horse-breeders, yet I think the greater part of the work must be done by the Masters of Hounds and the members of their Hunts. We so often point out the value of hunting to the country that it might be well to take all practical opportunities of making our goodwill manifest. Indeed, many Masters and some Hunts have risen to a sense of their duties and opportunities, notably Mr. Fernie's Hunt with their Shire horse society, Sir Gilbert Greenall with the horses he keeps for the benefit of the Belvoir Hunt, Lord Harrington's Elvaston show and, last but not least, Lord Willoughby de Broke's efforts by means of the Warwickshire Society, established to encourage hunter-breeding, to make his Hunt self-supporting in the matter of horseflesh. Warwickshire, so far as I have been able to read its history, has always been a hunting county, but not until late years a horse-breeding district. I cannot find out that many hunters have been bred in past times or, until Mr. Hanbury established his stud farm at Kineton, many first-rate stallions kept in the county. I gather that those curses of horse-breeding—inferior travelling stallions—have found some acceptance among breeders. But both by example and precept Lord Willoughby de Broke has tried to improve Warwickshire hunter-breeding. I do not think I am going beyond what he would endorse when I say that his ideal state of things is that which many of us would like to see in our respective counties—the horses ridden with the county hounds bred in the county for the county and sold where they were bred. The whole secret of horse-breeding lies in the provision of a steady market for the stock produced, and I may repeat what I have said before, that no owner of a stable of hunters is fulfilling his duty to fox-hunting and his country who has not at least one locally bred four year old in his stable. How can we expect Government to buy three year olds when we ourselves will not even look at a four year old, and will scarcely even buy a five year old horse? It may be confessed at once that in suggesting the breeding of horses for Warwickshire hunting in Warwickshire we are setting before breeders a very high standard and a very difficult task. Warwickshire is a county which demands a hunter of the best type. Powerful back and loins and good hocks are needed, for he will have to jump big and to jump often; a fine-laid shoulder and forehand, for ditches are wide enough to make a horse spread himself; courage to face forbidding fences (the rider will need this quality, too, sometimes); depth of girth, for the horse must stay; and a turn of speed, as those who have read our notes on the Warwickshire hounds will understand.

Nor does Lord Willoughby de Broke fail to practise what he preaches. Crackenthorpe and Historian are first-rate types of hunters. The latter has the most power (he looks as if he could stay for ever), the former perhaps the greater pace; but Crackenthorpe does not lack power nor Historian speed. The grey is the type of horse, and no other, that I would ride if I could. To shape and quality The Scout adds experience and that know-



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THE SCOUT.

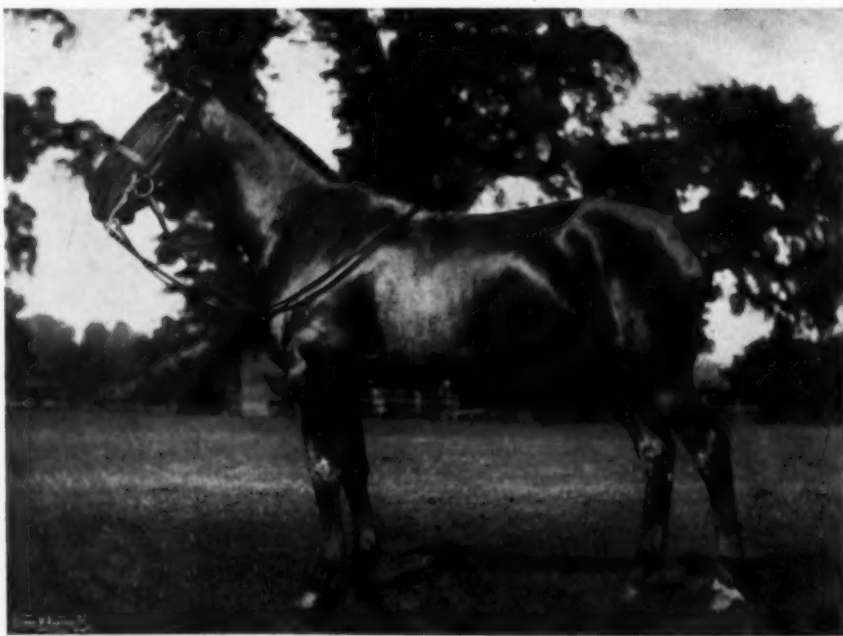
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ledge of a hunter's business that is, say what people will about young horses, so delightful. I believe that only racing blood on one side is really of value in a hunter when, after fifty minutes of racing and hunting, hounds stretch out for the finish and we have to ask a half-tired, half-blown horse to jump those last two or three fences which, if there be less than winning blood and courage on one side of the hunter's family, we must decline. I have so often said that all hunting stables should contain one good mare, a present delight and a fit matron of our hunters to be. Here she is—Victress—just of the type and breeding to make a brood mare; not when we have done with her—that is too late—but when our consciences tell us she is still fresh enough to transmit her kindness and courage, her soundness and pace, to her colts and fillies in days to come. There are many pleasures in hunting. We cannot exhaust them in a lifetime; but surely not the least is to feel the horse we have bred from the old mare stride under us over the grass and fling himself boldly and smoothly over the fences and just as she used to do when we were young together. X.

THE ENDOWMENT OF RESEARCH.

THIS subject is very carefully discussed in the newly-issued Journal of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. The text is Mr. Middleton's report on the distribution of grants. As a preliminary an attempt is made to arrive at a close definition of what is meant by research. The obscurity arises from the fact that many people consider research as something carried on by experts at an experimental station, whereas whatever the farmer does on his land is described simply as work. "But, in fact, the 'expert' agriculturist laying out manurial plots on a farm, or the chemist analysing agricultural products in his laboratory, may be no more engaged in research than the farm labourer or the miller carrying out his routine tasks. In order that work may become research it must satisfy one or both of two conditions: (1) It must, as a result of observation or experiment result in the collection of fresh facts; (2) it must involve an examination of the facts collected or phenomena observed, and the reduction of them to a form in which they constitute an addition to knowledge." The writer hopes that the public will not take a narrow view on the point as to whether a particular piece of research it or is not entitled to receive aid from agricultural funds; nor should payment be confined exclusively to those who are engaged on agricultural work, since the farmer is more likely to benefit from research that runs parallel with his own craft. It is also pointed out that Britain has never been behindhand in the production of what the writer calls "architects," that is to say, men of genius who make discoveries. "Where we have failed is that we have not followed up the work of our 'architects,' and thus when we are in want of examples illustrating the power of organised science we must refer to the experience of other countries, such as Germany, where, chiefly because of the degree-granting system of the universities, 'research' is part of the task of ordinary men. The progress made by German industries is not so much the result of scientific genius as of trained 'scientific labour.'" Then we come to consider the system on which the funds are utilised. Should they be expended in establishing one or two central stations or by spreading the grants over a number of institutions? The conclusion arrived at is that "The diseases of animals and plants might be studied with advantage up to a point at one central institution for the whole country, but when methods of prevention and remedy come into the question, and this is more especially the case with plant diseases, local study is essential. The breeding of new plants is to a certain extent a local problem. Questions bearing on the cultivation and profitable treatment of the soil are usually of a local character."



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TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE MAGIC MOTOR CAR.

BY
W. L. WATSON.



THE boy's real name was Francis, but he was always called Tommy. Sometimes when he did anything naughty, his mother would say

to him: "Francis, you are old enough to know better." But he always thought of himself as Tommy. Besides, the cook, who was his great friend, explained that all little boys are called Tommy, just as all cats are called Tom, unless they have kittens, and then they are Puss. She told him also that when he was old enough to go to school he would be called Francis. After that, of course, he made up his mind to be Tommy as long as possible.

On Christmas Eve he could scarcely get to sleep for wondering what his father's present was to be. When he got up in the morning he found it was a motor-car. Of course, it was only a little one to run about the floor; but you will see presently that it was much more wonderful than the real ones that run in the streets. It had four wheels, two lamps and a loud tooter, and its machinery had to be wound up in front with a big key. When it was fully wound you could scarcely hold it back; it wanted to be off immediately. When it did start there was no stopping it. Before you could say "Jack Robinson" it was right across the room. And it was such a willing motor that when it came up against the wall and found it could get no further that way, it would actually try to climb up the paper. And there it would stand against the skirting, buzzing and whirring and trembling, as if it were trying to bore a hole through into the staircase.

Once when it was doing this, Puss came into the room to see what all the noise was about. She thought it might be a mouse. When she saw what it really was, she did not seem to like it at all, and kept at a respectful distance. Just to show her what it could do, Tommy wound it up afresh. She pricked up her ears, twitched her nose, winked and blinked, and retired to the far corner of the room. Then Tommy let it go, and when she saw it come whizzing straight for her she gave a wild leap on to the bed as if a lion were after her. When Tommy placed it on the bed, she jumped to the washstand, and when he put it there, she rushed to the door with her tail up and her hair on end, scurried downstairs as fast as she could, through the scullery and into the garden, where she stayed for the rest of the day, telling the neighbour cats all about the fearsome thing that had just come to the house.

Then Ginger, the Scotch terrier, came to have a look. Although he could not make any more of it than Puss, he was too proud to run away. So he cocked up one ear and barked, as much as to say, "I'm not frightened. If you come near me I shall bite you." But when Tommy sent the motor after him, and it got among his legs, and began tying his hair into knots and scratching him underneath, whizzing all the time like a big knife-cleaner, Ginger fairly ran to the door. There he turned and began to bark furiously; but when he saw the motor coming for him again he made off downstairs.

What a day Tommy had. He yoked his motor to an old toy-horse, which it dragged from one end of the landing to the other. He loaded it with two cakes of soap, and it pulled them about till they fell off. The second time they leaned all to one side, and the motor took a turn and fell downstairs. Fortunately, all that was broken were the lamps. In the afternoon he dropped it fully wound into the cook's lap as she sat asleep in the kitchen, and it gave her such a fright that she packed him upstairs. She thought an evil spirit had come to fetch her. And then evening came and Tommy was put to bed. He took his motor with him, for fear somebody might break it. And when he was quite alone and just going to sleep, he heard a crash on the floor, and found the motor

had slipped from his fingers. He was wondering whether he would get up in the cold for it or let it lie till morning, and had not quite made up his mind when a little man appeared and said, "All right. Don't worry."

Strange to say, Tommy found himself standing in the square outside the house. The Little Man was turning the motor-car right side up. When he got it on its wheels he made it go a little way, then wound it up and said to Tommy, "Jump in." He was dressed in an oilskin coat with furry cuffs, and had a hairy cap on his head.

"Who are you?" said Tommy.

"I'm Shuff Shuffer," answered the Little Man.

"Are you Mrs. Perkins's shuffer?" asked Tommy.

"What—that chap? Ho-ho! I don't think," said the Little Man.

"But he is called Shuffer," said Tommy.

"Yes," answered the Little Man; "he calls himself after me. His name is Brown. I am Shuff Shuffer. You are old enough to know that, Francis."

There was nothing Tommy hated like those words, so he climbed into the car. "That's right, Tommy," said Shuff Shuffer, as he also entered. "Awful smell of soap here." Tommy explained he had been dragging soap about. And Shuff Shuffer said: "Francis, you are—"

"Yes, yes," answered Tommy, "I won't do it again."

"What's that piece of string in front?" asked Shuff Shuffer.

"I was pulling my horse about," Tommy replied.

Shuff Shuffer burst out laughing. "That's right," he cried; "I pull them about. Tug them and haul at them."

"Father says there will soon be no horses left," said Tommy.

"Your father is a great man," answered Shuff Shuffer. "Tell your mother I said so. But where are the lamps?" Tommy explained how they got broken. "Well, never mind," said Shuff Shuffer. "I have something that will do quite as well." He took from his pocket a pair of great goggle spectacles and put them on his nose, gave them a twitch, and immediately they shone like two huge lamps. "You will notice," said Shuff Shuffer, "they are much handier on my nose than on the car. See; I can turn them wherever I like." So saying he swept the lights all round the dark square just like the lighthouse Tommy had seen in the summer. "Or I can shut one and look with the other." He did so, turn about, half-a-dozen times, till Tommy grew dizzy. "Or I can look in opposite directions at once." He also did that, turning one eye to the East and the other to the West in the most startling way. "Or I can look up at the stars and down on the ground at the same time." And that was the most fearsome thing of all.

"But you can't see behind," said Tommy.

"What does that matter," said Shuff Shuffer; "you don't want to go backwards, do you?"

"No," answered Tommy; "only I once read of a giant who had an eye in the back of his neck."

"What was his name?" asked Shuff Shuffer, "and where did he live?"

"He hadn't a name," answered Tommy, "and he lived in a far country."

"That isn't good enough," said Shuff Shuffer. "Just you tell me where that giant is to be found, and we'll go there this moment and see who can see most. Back of his neck indeed! Why, I can turn round when I want to see behind, can't I?" And Shuff Shuffer turned his head and fixed one light on Tommy till Tommy almost choked. "Francis, you are old enough—"

With a desperate effort Tommy shouted "Yes, please," and Shuff Shuffer turned his eye off and became calm. "Now

put your coat and cap on and let us be off." It was just as he said; there were the coat and cap. "Ready? Off!"

Goodness, what a rattle, what a rush, what a scurry! Up the Brompton Road they flew like a fire-engine. The streets were lit up, so Shuff Shuffer kept his eyes dark until a policeman shouted "Hi." Shuff Shuffer just winked brightly on him for an instant, and the policeman took such a fit of sneezing that he could say no more. Whenever Shuff Shuffer saw a horse, even far off, he uttered a most terrible sound. It wasn't a shout, it wasn't a yell, and it wasn't a howl; it was like twenty firemen calling "Fire" all at once. Whenever a horse heard it, away it went at full speed with brougham, cart, waggon, driver and all down the nearest side street. And when Shuff Shuffer came to a stand of motor-cabs all the drivers turned out to cheer him. Tommy could hear them shout, "Go it, old Shuffy," as the car flashed by.

They were out of the Brompton Road in a few minutes, rushing forward through streets that Tommy had never seen, Shuff Shuffer blinking round the corners far in front with his goggles, and uttering his awful yell when anything came in the way. And so they went on and on into the dark country roads, where Shuff Shuffer turned his spectacle eyes full on, lighting up the farms and the great trees and the windmills, and causing the cattle and sheep to scurry over the fields as if mad. Whenever he saw a horse he gave forth his great shout, and laughed till the water ran into his goggle lights and he had to wipe them dry.

"Quite right, Tommy," he would then say, "your father is a great man. There will soon be no use for horses. We shall have to eat them."

Once he saw a train rushing along at express speed. He gave a great whoop, stamped impatiently on the footboard, and the obedient motor-car leaped forward faster than ever, and soon left the train far behind. By and by they came in sight of a town, and Shuff Shuffer slowed down somewhat, passed right through its streets, and pulled up on the top of a great cliff overlooking the sea. "Do you know where you are?" he said to Tommy. Tommy looked about him. Although the car was standing still, he seemed to be flying forward all the same. When he could see steadily he answered, "Margate. I was here in the summer."

"Right," said Shuff Shuffer. "Now where do you wish to go? Never mind how far it is or how strange; say the word and I'll take you there."

Tommy started to think. At last he said, "Please, Mister Shuff—"

But Shuff Shuffer stopped him at once. "Don't call me Mister," said he. "I don't wear a top-hat. I don't live in a square. I am Shuff Shuffer; don't Mister me."

"Very well," answered Tommy, humbly; "could you take me to—to—"

"Out with it," said Shuff Shuffer.

"To Robinson Crusoe's Island?" said Tommy.

"Of course I could," answered Shuff Shuffer; "in half a jiffy I could turn this motor into a flying-machine, and there you are. But Robinson Crusoe's Island isn't worth seeing. Crusoe is dead, and so is Man Friday, and there is nothing left on the island now but great crabs."

"Well," continued Tommy, "could you take me to where Aladdin built his palace?"

"There, again," answered Shuff Shuffer, "the place has disappeared, and there's nothing to be seen now but sand and desert."

"Oh, dear," said Tommy, "these are the two places I wanted to see most."

"Now, look here, sonny," said Shuff Shuffer, "do you know this is the time of night when the beasts roam about and can speak? Suppose we just go on a bit and see what we can see?"

"All right," said Tommy. "I've never seen a hedgehog or a fox."

Shuff Shuffer started the car, and they went along gently until they came to a wood. Although the stars were out, the very stars that Tommy saw through his bedroom window, there was no moon. So Shuff Shuffer turned his goggles on, and by and by they came to a poor woman crying by the wayside. And when Shuff Shuffer asked her what was the matter, she said she was crying for her little boy, who had gone into the wood to cut a hazel switch before the sun went down, and he had never come back. Shuff Shuffer bade the poor woman stop crying. "You stay here," said he; "I'll find him."

So he got down from the car and told Tommy to do the same. Then he took a reel of very fine wire, which he fixed to the car and tied the end on to his goggles. "You see," he said to Tommy, "I could not use these things away from the car where the Power is. When I am in the car the Power runs through me. Now it is going to come along this wire. It is a

very wonderful thing, this Power. You can't see it. It runs along wires, and if I wished I could frizzle you up in a minute. So he entered the wood, with Tommy close behind, and turned the goggles on just enough to see. And they went on and on through the trees and bushes until they came to a sandy hollow, where Tommy heard a sudden scurry."

"Hullo, Buck Rabbit," said Shuff Shuffer, "don't run away; it's only me. What are you doing out so late?"

"Oh, Shuff Shuffer," answered the Buck Rabbit, "I couldn't get a bite this evening for Dog Fox. He's been watching for me all day in the bushes, and I was starving. I wish you would tell him of it."

"I will," said Shuff Shuffer. "Have you seen a little boy with a hazel switch?"

"No; he didn't come this way." And Buck Rabbit began feeding again.

So they went on and on until they came to an old drain covered with leaves. And all this time the thin wire tied on to the goggles was unwinding behind them. Shuff Shuffer turned his left eye on to a heap of leaves where there was no hole to be seen. "Come out, Dog Fox," said he, "come out." There was never a mudge. "Don't be a fool," said Shuff Shuffer, turning both eyes full up on to the place; "I want to speak to you." Suddenly Tommy heard a shuffling noise, and out among the leaves where you could not think he could possibly hide came the head of Dog Fox. He was showing his teeth and looked very bad-tempered. "Don't be so nasty," said Shuff Shuffer. "What have you been annoying Buck Rabbit for?" Dog Fox only showed his teeth the more and looked nastier.

"Well, never mind," said Shuff Shuffer; "don't do it again. Have you seen a little boy with a hazel switch?"

"No, I haven't."

"Quite sure?"

"Yes." Dog Fox went back into his hole quite sulky.

"Doesn't Dog Fox tell the truth?" asked Tommy.

"Not if he can help it," answered Shuff Shuffer.

So they went on and on through the thick of the wood until they came to the keeper's cottage. And they went so softly that the watchdog never heard them. Just beyond the garden was a little paddock, and when Shuff Shuffer swept his left eye over it there was a donkey all alone munching fresh hay. "Come here, Donkey Boy," said he. And Donkey Boy came forward to have his nose scratched and his ears stroked. "How are you?" continued Shuff Shuffer; "do you like motor-cars?" Donkey Boy flew into a rage. He curled his upper lip and showed all his teeth, and let fly with his hind legs half-a-dozen times as if he were banging something to pieces. "Keep cool," said Shuff Shuffer, "or I'll fetch mine up. But I say, have you seen a little boy with a hazel switch pass this way?"

"No," answered Donkey Boy.

And then Tommy asked Shuff Shuffer if the donkey would speak to him. "Try him," said Shuff Shuffer.

So Tommy said, "Donkey Boy, why do you wag your tail so?"

"I don't wag my tail," answered Donkey Boy.

"That's a fib," said Tommy.

"You're another," answered Donkey Boy.

"Why, it's wagging now," said Tommy.

"Yes," answered Donkey Boy, "but I am not wagging it—it wags itself." Then he stuck out his head and laughed so loud three times that the hens fell off their roost, the cock began to crow, and the watchdog to bark at such a rate that the keeper came out in his nightshirt with a gun in his hand to see what was the matter.

But Shuff Shuffer pulled Tommy away quietly into the wood. And they went on and on until Tommy said, "I haven't seen a squirrel yet." So Shuff Shuffer stood still under a big tree and whistled and chirped and whistled and whistled such a strange tune that all the wood seemed to be listening. And when he stopped there was a rustling and a scratching in the tree, and suddenly a bushy little beast ran along the lowest branch just over Shuff Shuffer's head and sat there on his haunches with his tail curled up his back and his forepaws hanging on to a twig.

"Well, Dick Squirrel," said Shuff Shuffer; "plenty of nuts this year?"

"Plenty," answered Dick Squirrel.

"Anything to complain of?" asked Shuff Shuffer.

"Yes; there's a hole in the bark on the top of my house and the rain comes in."

"Why not change?" asked Shuff Shuffer.

"It's too late. Besides, my nuts are all stored," answered Dick Squirrel.

"Very well," said Shuff Shuffer; "I'll fetch some soft clay and patch it. Have you seen a little boy with a hazel switch?"

"No; but Tom Badger is in the wood to-night. He's sure to have seen him."

Dick Squirrel scudded back to his house, and Shuff Shuffer and Tommy went on and on through the wood, searching all the nooks and corners by the light of the goggles, till Tommy said, "I have not seen a hedgehog yet."

Suddenly there was a sharp crack, and the light of Shuff Shuffer's goggles went out. "There's a nice to-do," said he.

"What's the matter?" asked Tommy.

"Matter?" said Shuff Shuffer; "why, didn't you hear? Can't you see? The Power-line is broken, snapped on some tree, and now we can't see."

"Hadh't we better look for it?" said Tommy.

"Nice thing that would be searching in the dark for a line ten times thinner than a spider's thread. No, no. I know a way worth ten of that." And Shuff Shuffer laid down close on the grass and whistled three times like a whip cracking. Then he waited, but nothing moved. So he whistled again, louder than before. But nothing came of it. Then he put his fingers to his mouth and uttered three such commanding sounds that the wood seemed to become alive with ghostly birds and beasts; and then Tommy heard something big and heavy coming near. It was the badger.

"Well, Tom Brock," said Shuff Shuffer, "why don't you come when you are called?"

"I didn't hear you," whined the badger.

"Then why did you come at all?" Shuff Shuffer was very stern.

"I didn't hear you the first time," answered Tom Brock.

"How did you know there was a first time if you didn't hear it? Tom Brock, you are fibbing, and if you don't mend your ways—"

"Please," interrupted Tom Brock, "I am here now. What do you want?"

"I've lost my Power-line," said Shuff Shuffer, "and I want you to find it."

"Why not put the bats on that job?" asked the badger.

"Well, I never," said Shuff Shuffer; "just to think that never struck me. Tom Brock, you are a genius." Then Shuff Shuffer gave two quick squeaks, and immediately a great bat came sailing down and sat on his head. "Is that you, old Leathery? Look here; I've lost my Power-line among the trees. Just find it, will you?" The bat set off in the dark, and Tommy could hear the flap-flap of his wings as he searched about. He also heard something else moving away from them, when Shuff Shuffer called out. "Come back, Tom Brock; I have something for you to do yet."

They all sat still for some moments in the dark, and Tommy began to feel how cold and lonely the boy with the hazel switch must be, when all at once the big bat came back with the end of the Power-line in his mouth.

"That's it, old Leathery," said Shuff Shuffer, tying the end on again to his goggles, which immediately gave out a bright light, so that the great bat sneezed and squeaked and flew away, and the badger stole behind a bush.

"Now, Tom Brock," said Shuff Shuffer, "have you seen a little boy with a hazel switch?"

The badger did not seem to want to answer. He looked to Tommy just like a big dog, only his hair was rougher and thicker, and stuck out from him as if it were all angry, and his nose was longer and sharper and his teeth much bigger. "I can see you have seen him," said Shuff Shuffer; "where is he, Tom Brock?"

"He is lying asleep on a bank at the west of the wood."

"Very well," said Shuff Shuffer, "show us the way."

The badger snarled under his breath and looked very unwilling.

"Tom Brock, I see you are getting out of hand. If you don't hurry up and look a little more pleasant, why," said Shuff Shuffer in a loud voice, turning his goggles full on, "I'll take you over to Mr. Keeper, and then you'll see what will happen." At this the badger went forward quite lively, and Shuff Shuffer just kept a glimmer of light going to show Tommy the way round the bramble bushes and through the thorns.

And as they went on Tommy said, "I haven't seen a hedgehog yet."

"It's too late now," said Shuff Shuffer; "if I were to call up a hedgehog, and Tom Brock here, I don't think you would see much of the hedgehog. Eh, Tom Brock," he said to the badger, "how is Prickly Bob?" And the badger licked his lips.

So they went on and on until they came near to the edge of the wood, and Tom Brock crossed a dry ditch and led them to a grassy bank, where they saw a little boy in a velvet suit lying fast asleep with a hazel switch in his hand. And Shuff Shuffer said, "Now, that's funny, isn't it? We are not more than ten steps from our motor-car."

Then he lifted the little boy in his arms, but he was so fast asleep that he never stirred. And Shuff Shuffer said to the badger, "Now you may go, Tom Brock. And just for your trouble there are two or three nests of nice young mice in the dell at the top of the wood." And the badger made off like a ghost through the trees.

"Will he eat the mice?" asked Tommy.

"I expect so," said Shuff Shuffer. "You see, every beast eats another beast. They all eat each other, else there would be too many of one kind."

While Tommy was thinking this out, Shuff Shuffer had gained the road, and there was the motor-car and the poor woman still crying by the wayside.

"Is this him?" said Shuff Shuffer, showing her the little boy with the hazel switch in his hand. And she snatched him out of Shuff Shuffer's arms and folded him close to her. And she stopped crying, and began to laugh and kiss him. But the boy was so fast asleep that he never stirred.

"I suppose I must take you all home now," said Shuff Shuffer. "Jump in, for there's precious little time. It is getting near to morning, and if the least glint of the sun falls on me we are all done for."

So the woman got in with her boy in her arms, and Tommy sat beside her.

"You'll have to sit close and hold on tight," said Shuff Shuffer, as he got up in front. "Right? Off!"

And they raced along at such a pace, the great goggles lighting up the road far in front, that trees and houses seemed like streaks. And as Shuff Shuffer turned round now and again to see if there were any signs of the sun, he stamped on the foot-board and made the car fly faster than ever.

The little boy lay sound asleep in his mother's arms, and Tommy saw that she had gone to sleep too. And then he began to feel drowsy himself, and that is the last thing he remembered of that wonderful night, for in the morning he woke up in his own bed, and, looking over the edge, he saw his motor-car lying on its side on the floor. Just as Shuff Shuffer had found it, so he had brought it back, never a bit the worse for its journey.

SHEEP-BREEDING . . . EXPERIMENTS.

WHEN staying with the burgomaster of an important town in Holland many years ago, I was astonished to find that mutton was regarded as a *bete noire* to the Dutch palate, although in the province of North Holland I had been equally surprised at the milking power of the ewes kept by the smaller farmers. Mutton is as popular with us as beef—which some Continentals appear to think is our patent food—and in consequence we import it in stupendous quantities from Australasia and elsewhere. Whether frozen meat is entirely immune from danger to the average man is an open question, although it has recently been claimed that it is not; but it is quite certain that the best mutton, or shall we call it lamb, which reaches us from New Zealand is rich in flavour and economical to buy. When compared weight for weight with the best British meat it provides a large quantity of nutritious food, owing chiefly to the smaller proportion of waste.

There have of late years been numerous experiments with sheep, their objects being twofold, and both with the view to more economical production. It is known that, given a good breed of pig for bacon purposes—the meat not being too fat for the millions who like their morning rasher—it is possible to produce one pound of live pig for every four to five pounds of first-rate barley meal consumed in the early stage of the fattening period which follows weaning. Thus, in pig breeding and feeding we have some real data to work upon. The same principle applies to steers of the best blood. It can be practically assumed that at the end of two years a well-bred and well-fed shorthorn, Hereford, or Black-Poll calf will have reached an approximate given weight; but when we come to sheep we have not the same data for our guidance. It is for this, among other reasons, that experiments have been made in crossing different breeds and in feeding sheep on pastures which have been treated with particular manures.

Some time ago nine rams of leading British breeds were crossed upon nine lots of ewes on one of the farms of the Australian Government, one object being to ascertain which breed exercised the greatest influence in producing weight in the progeny. The food supplied to thirteen sheep of each cross consisted of a mixture of clover and rye grass, this form of feeding lasting for a period of four months. When the feeding commenced, the heaviest crosses were the Hampshires and the

Border-Leicesters, and these weighed the heaviest at the end. On the other hand, the greatest gains in weight were made by the well-formed Shropshire cross, the average increase being 48lb. per head; the coarser Hampshires followed with 46½lb., the black-faced Suffolks with 42½lb. the fleecy Cotswolds and the Kent sheep from Romney Marsh with some 41lb. the Leicesters with 38½lb. and the giant Lincolns, which might have been expected to head the list, with 29lb. Thus, cross-bred sheep of the famous Lincoln breed gained only 1½lb. per week, against 3lb. gained by the crosses of the more successful varieties; while the Leicesters, which have so long been employed in England for improving new varieties, took a slightly higher place with 2½lb. a day. If we refer to the exceptional exhibits at Smithfield which are highly bred for weight, we shall find that in every instance they fail to gain 2½lb. per day from birth, yet this gain was reached by three crosses, although the feeding was extremely plain. The importance of this experiment is increased by the results which were obtained in relation to the wool, which is of greater value to the Australian than to the British farmer. Ten sheep of each cross were selected for shearing, five being shorn two months after their mates, with the following results:

	Wool shorn. Pounds.	Shorn two months later. Pounds.
Hampshire cross	8	10½
Shropshire cross	7½	9½
Southdown cross	7	8½
Cheviot cross	9	10
Border-Leicester cross	9½	10½
Lincoln cross	9½	12½
Cotswold cross	9	12½
Romney cross	9	12

The Lincoln cross was one of the least prolific, the actual number of lambs being 86 per cent., against 131 per cent. from the Border-Leicester, 133 from the Hampshire Downs and 130 from the Cheviots. Although the Lincolns produced the heaviest fleeces, they weighed less when shorn than any other breed (the shorn Leicester and the unshorn Cotswolds alone excepted), yet no variety of British sheep has realised such prices as 1,000 guineas and 1,500 guineas for a single ram.

I next come to the experiments conducted on the farm of the Yorkshire College in crossing Lincoln and North Country ewes with rams of the Lincoln and Wensleydale varieties. Twenty ewes were mated with each ram. The Lincoln and Wensleydale lambs reared were 161 per cent. per ewe; the lambs from the North Country ewes reached a much higher figure—193 per cent. For ten years a series of experiments in crossing sheep have been made at Garforth, Lincoln and Oxford rams having been used from the commencement. In 1905 a Hampshire ram was used, for three years a Leicester ram, and a Wensleydale ram for six years, while Suffolk and Shropshire rams were used for five years. These rams were crossed upon Lincoln and North Country ewes. I give the results in a tabular form, both for the sake of clearness and conciseness, showing the proportion of lambs per ewe, the carcase weight, the weight of the wool and the actual receipts per ewe, i.e., inclusive of the lamb, the hoggs and the wool:

Lincoln Ewes.				
Ram.	Lambs per ewe.	Carcase Wt. Pounds.	Wt. of Wool. Pounds.	Receipts from sales. £ s. d.
Lincoln	1.15	74	12.8	2 3 1
Shropshire	1.0	67	10.0	1 9 1
Hampshire	1.3	28	10.3	2 10 5
Oxford	1.23	74	11.1	2 5 9
Suffolk	1.2	73	9.0	1 11 11
Wensleydale	1.16	75	11.5	2 2 10
Leicester	1.4	67	11.8	2 1 5

It will be noted that the Down sheep—Hampshire and Oxford—stand at the top in the list of receipts, but when crossed with the North Country sheep, in which the results are of much greater importance to the farmer, we get very different figures:

North Country Ewes.				
Ram.	Lambs per ewe.	Carcase Wt. Pounds.	Wt. of Wool. Pounds.	Receipts. £ s. d.
Lincoln	1.39	73	10.4	2 14 3
Shropshire	1.5	69	8.1	2 3 2
Hampshire	1.58	76	8.2	2 18 2
Oxford	1.62	76	9.0	3 1 8
Suffolk	1.75	76	7.8	3 1 3
Wensleydale	1.7	75	9.9	3 4 5
Leicester	1.5	74	9.5	2 9 1

It is worthy of remark that the average annual balance left per ewe for food, labour and other expenses was much higher in the case of the North Country ewes (50 per cent.) than in the Lincolns (38 per cent.). In breeding, the livestock of the farm, whether we deal with cattle, sheep, pigs or poultry—the average prolificacy, the economical production of meat and eggs in the case of poultry—is usually greater where a cross is made upon hardy useful stock which have not been tied to pedigree, by the aid of a fine breed of other varieties, than where two pure breeds are crossed together. The poultry-keeper obtains more

vigorous fowls with larger frames and more numerous eggs; the pig-keeper produces larger litters at a birth, rapidity of growth and aptitude to fatten better for the curer; the sheep-breeder obtains hardier and more prolific ewes; and the breeder of cattle stronger calves, quick growth, good beef and a large yield of milk. Nor could any known results prove more convincing than those to which we have referred in relation to Australian and North Country ewes, crossed as both were by the most famous of British breeds.

The experiments in Ross and Kincardineshire were mainly intended to ascertain the cheapest method of improving poor hill grassland as shown by feeding sheep on the different plots. Poor pasture is usually deficient in leguminous plants and the best varieties of grass, their places being occupied by weeds. Basic slag, owing to the phosphoric acid and lime which it contains, is usually employed on sour land; but as an alternative it is possible to use an acid—phosphate of lime is distributed in sufficient quantity to neutralise the acid and provide for the requirements of the plants. The clovers and trefoils respond to phosphate of lime supplied in the manner indicated, or where poor land, in which lime is present in sufficient quantity, is fed with superphosphate, or dissolved bones, both of which are of an acid character. In their turn the better grasses grow more freely where they are supplied with a combination of phosphatic and nitrogenous manures. In this particular instance the manures distributed in the six plots of land of three acres each consisted of:

Plot I.—Basic slag containing 200lb. of phosphoric acid.

Plot II.—The same quantity of basic slag with the addition of 100lb. of potash in the form of kainit.

Plot III.—No manure.

Plot IV.—The same as Plot II. with the addition of 4lb. of white clover seed sown in May.

Plot V., which was overrun with rabbits, was wired in and unmanured, but it gave the smallest gain. In consequence it was manured in the winter with 200lb. of phosphoric acid in superphosphate, in order to compare it with Plot I.

Plot VI. is slightly distant from the others and was not fenced in. It was manured with several tons per acre of a compost of lime and earth, the lime reaching two tons per acre.

Let us next examine the results, taking for our basis the five years to which the grazing extended. As we shall see, a loss was shown in each instance after deducting the cost of treatment:

Plot.	Live wt. increase of sheep per acre in five years. Pounds.	Increase in excess of Plot III. Pounds.	Net loss £ s. d.
I.	243	91	0 7 4
II.	252	100	1 3 1
III. (no manure)	152	—	—
IV.	242	90	1 7 9
V.	213	61	1 6 0
VI.	279	127	0 16 3

Thus the cost of the manures was in every instance greater than the value of the increased weight of mutton when priced at 3d. per pound live weight; but it will be noticed that basic slag was the most successful, and as the grazing season lasted only sixteen months out of the sixty-five lunar months during which the land was grazed by other stock, it may be regarded as having more than paid its way, which cannot be said of kainit, nor of the superphosphate, which on so many pasture-fields fails for want of lime. I have frequently seen similar results, and have found in practice that basic slag may be consistently employed on land of varied character, chalk and limestone excepted, with great success.

When the land was examined in 1904 and 1905 it showed marked traces of damage by rabbits, portions were wet and grew sedge and rush, while the moorland side was covered with broom, whin, heather and the plants common to the moorland district. The pastures were infested with moss, while the grasses consisted chiefly of hair bent grass, Yorkshire fog (known by its almost purple blossoms), sweet vernal, sheep's fescue, mat grass, and to a smaller extent with perennial rye grass and crested dog's-tail. The weeds, apart from those already mentioned which affected the herbage, consisted chiefly of ribwort sorrel, wild tansy and three varieties of thistle.

In 1910 Plot I. showed a marked improvement in the white clover and bird's-foot trefoil, both excellent foods; but there were still the thistle and tansy, and although the moss was reduced, the grass herbage chiefly consisted of the inferior grasses. The changes, where change occurred, on other plots were not very encouraging.

Taking the result of this experiment in conjunction with an experiment carried out at Ardross, it appears that the best results are obtained on hill pastures when cattle and sheep are grazed together, and that neither the sowing of clover seed nor the use of ground lime or potash in the form of kainit is advantageous. Nothing can be said for superphosphate, unless the

soil is sufficiently rich in lime. Slag has accomplished something, but this manure cannot be employed effectually unless there is a plant of clover existing, which simply needs the required stimulant. It may, lastly, be pointed out that the influence of artificial manures depends largely on the rain on dry soils, and

especially hill pastures like the Downs. We have noticed instances in which there has been absolutely no result in dry seasons; no difference whatever was discernible between plots which were manured and those which were left to Nature.

JAMES LONG.

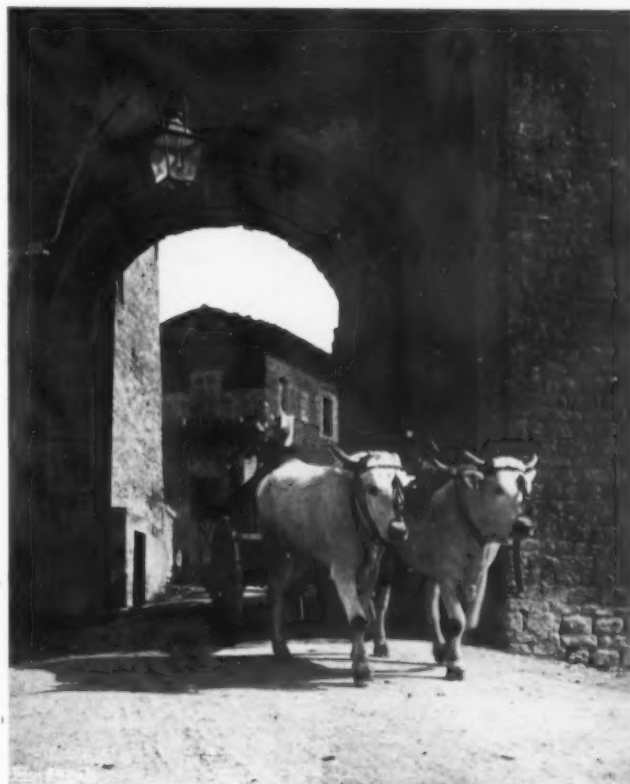
THE FAIR OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

THE ancient City of Assisi, on its peaceful hillside, midway between the fertile Umbrian plain and the barren heights of Monte Subasio, has an indescribable charm for all who bend their steps thither to visit the famous Shrine of St. Francis. The white towers and domes rise out of a sea of dusky olives, it is encircled with massive old walls crowned with a ruined castle, and entered only through its battlemented mediæval gateways. It is guarded on the side that drops abruptly towards the plain by the fortified monastery, whose mighty buttresses and long lines of arcades form so picturesque a feature in the landscape.

The beautiful churches, convents and palaces of Assisi are all built of a fine creamy stone, quarried hard by; a stone that is veined with rose and gold, and seems to hold the sunlight. The dwelling-houses in the main street, with their solid masonry pointed arches and narrow windows, date mostly from a time when Assisi was liable to attacks from her warlike neighbours, Perugia and Foligno, and when fire and sword ravaged her fair beauty. St. Francis must have trodden this street seven centuries ago; but it is in the olive woods round the Convent of San Damiano and on the stony track leading to the Hermitage of the Carceri that his memory is all-abiding. He had an intense sympathy with the country life of the peasants, and it is from peasant lips that we hear the familiar words "Nostro Santo" to-day.

At the beginning of October each year Assisi wakes into unwonted activity, for the Feast of St. Francis is held on the 4th and the great fair on the 5th, and during the days preceding and following these dates picturesque processions are to be seen in the narrow streets, garlands of leaves and flowers are hung from house to house, bells clang from sunrise to sunset, and when the night has fallen, flaming torches are thrust into the old iron rings on the façades of the palaces and tapers shine in many an upper window. Cressets of burning pitch are set in the open arches of the belfries, so that the dark figures of the ringers, pulling at the ropes with frenzied zeal, look like demons silhouetted against a fiery background.

The religious festival of the Saint is held on the 4th, when the townsfolk and clerics from the neighbourhood and visitors



AT THE CITY GATE.

from Perugia throng the services in the frescoed Lower Church of St. Francis. But it is on the 5th that the country people pour into the city to attend the great annual Cattle Fair. Many of them come from afar and start overnight, snatching an hour of rest and sleep by the roadside. Nearly all the houses at Assisi have balconies overlooking the plain, and it is thrilling to stand at an open window long before the dawn and to listen for the distant murmur that tells of an approaching multitude, as yet invisible in the morning mists. By degrees, as the light strengthens, one can make out the long white ribbon-like roads that cross the level plain and mount the hill from various directions. Strings of figures are moving along these roads, all with one objective—the field outside the walls, where from time immemorial the fair has been held. The men and women are mostly on foot or on mule-back; but there are also carts with creaking wheels drawn by oxen, which contain whole families of fifteen or twenty souls. Smaller carts are harnessed to donkeys and little hand-carts are filled with every variety of livestock for sale. The carts enter by one of the great gates and traverse the town, and pass out of another gate close to the market-field, but the pedestrians and the long strings of white cattle take short cuts through the olive yards.

There is a hum of voices on the air, the shuffling tramp of the oxen, the tinkling of bells, the soft padding of bare feet; but when the sun has sent one shaft of light over the hillside all other sounds are lost in the wild clang of bells that heralds the approach of day. The whole hillside awakens into life, and in the freshening breeze the tips of the olive branches are silvery white, the vines and poplars are golden. Under the dark archways and up the steep paved streets climb the carts with their heavy loads, and there is much shouting and shuffling as the oxen and mules struggle and slip in their efforts to gain a firm foothold. They must hurry on, for the fair opens at six, and already the pedlars have set up their booths in the open spaces in front of the churches and in the Piazza.

Glass and china are displayed on the ground between the buttresses of Santa Chiara, and here also may be found the black and red Deruta pottery, made in the same factories that provided precious jars and vases for the most famous artists of the



BUYING ONIONS.

sixteenth century to paint for cardinals and princes. Now Deruta produces only the commonest description of ware, but one may pick up a quaint money-box in the shape of a pig or a spotted cow with a slit in its side to hold "soldi." The "scaldini" with plated handles to take charcoal ashes in cold weather are also very attractive. Shoes and boots hang by the score on an improvised wooden framework, with gay handkerchiefs and stuffs of all sorts. Tinware, saddlery, ironmongery, lamps and murderous-looking knives are all favourite articles of commerce. Space is allotted in front of the church of Santa Chiara for a little movable theatre, a cinematograph and a merry-go-round, with dappled wooden horses set in motion by a gas engine, which at the same time plays an interminable tune. Every now and then the manager of the theatre comes out, bell in hand, to collect an audience.

On one side of the long road leading from Santa Chiara to the Spello Gate and to the market-field there is a continuous stone seat with a low wall overlooking the country, and on this seat picturesque groups of peasants take up their positions, spreading their wares on the ground before them—poultry and such-like, vegetables, eggs and cream cheeses, piles of water-melons and every sort of fruit, strings of onions being a special produce of the neighbourhood. At intervals, on the opposite side of the road, pigs, with stakes run through them lengthwise, are roasted whole over charcoal fires. Men in white caps and aprons are ready with long knives to cut off savoury portions for customers.

Passing out of the road by the Spello Gate, the animated scene on the field below comes into view, and, looking over the seething mass of people and animals, one is strongly struck by the bright effect of colour prevalent everywhere. The shimmering mass of hundreds of milk white oxen waiting patiently to be sold, their heads gay with scarlet fillets and tassels, the women in blue skirts, white linen shirts and gay handkerchiefs, the children in crimson or scarlet petticoats with white sleeves and headgear—and large green and red umbrellas, all help

enjoying a hurried meal. Through the trees one catches a distant gleam of shining river, overhead rise the walls and towers of the city, and in the far distance is seen the Umbrian plain bounded by range after range of blue and lilac mountains, with here and there a white distant town or a dark patch of forest.



THE CITY OF ASSISI.

Besides the huge horned oxen so prized for farmwork, there are milk white cows, and calves with large pathetic eyes, whole flocks of mountain sheep, under the care of an old grey-bearded herdsman in goat-skin coat and buskins, leaning patriarchally on a long staff. There are black and white goats tethered to stakes and incessantly butting one another, while shy little girls try in vain to keep refractory pigs in order. Hard bargains are driven in "scudi," an outsider usually acting as go-between. When the price is agreed upon, he seizes a hand of each of the contracting parties and, clasping them together, shakes them violently up and down. Then the three men vanish through a gateway into a "vigna," to drink each other's health at an improvised bar and to see the money transferred from purchaser to owner.

Poultry is cheap at the Assisi Fair, and the poor turkeys are tied together in pairs and slung over boys' shoulders. Hens come to the fair sitting round in a flat, open basket, hanging their beaks dejectedly over the edge. No wonder they are sad, for their feet are tied tightly together with cruel cords, and they are packed so close to one another that they cannot move a feather. As many as twelve can be counted in one basket, and they have travelled thus for hours, hoisted on to a woman's head, up and down hill. A similar round basket, carried in the same way, will accommodate six little pigs; but they have to be kept in their places by a piece of netting stretched tightly over the top. A mother who dares not leave her babies at home when she comes to the fair will put two of them into the middle of such a basket, filling up the corners with carrots and tomatoes, and hoisting it on to her head in order to leave her hands free for other things. The piglets object strongly to the mode of conveyance, and squeak



THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

to make a veritable feast of colour. Only the sober figures of the men in dark coats and felt hats temper in any way a blaze of light tints, so different from the general aspect of an English crowd. Under the gnarled olive trees which bound the field many a family party is

incessantly; but the babies are amused and coo happily till they fall asleep.

It is *de rigueur* to appear at the fair in boots, though the long journey there and back may be made barefoot. "Alas! how my feet hurt," sighs a young wife, as she limps along in yellow

boots that were a present from her husband the year before, when he visited the fair alone. The boots were long and narrow, his wife's feet were short and broad; but the wily pedlar persuaded the unwary purchaser that, having elastic sides, they would fit any feet. And now they must be worn, at whatever sacrifice of comfort.

By midday the fair is over and the peasants start homewards, driving the cattle before them. The sheep and pigs have mostly been sold to butchers from the neighbouring towns, and are treated with little consideration, being expedited on their way with many cruel blows and kicks. A pig that is thoroughly refractory is seized by the tail and one ear, stuffed into a sack and slung over a man's back, head downwards, as giving less trouble in that position. Turkeys and ducks, panting for water, are packed into hampers so small that one wonders how many of them will survive the journey.

On the way through the town a good deal of the money taken at the fair is laid out at the booths. Women suit themselves with new headgear in the shape of bright handkerchiefs. Young men choose clasp knives with murderous-looking curved blades. A sturdy young country-woman will not hesitate to buy a sky blue wooden cradle with



STARTING FOR HOME WITH AN UNSOLD GOAT.

red rockers and a picture of the Madonna and Child painted at the foot. She will fill it with brooms and crockery, and, setting it on her head, will smilingly set off at a brisk pace for a ten-mile walk home.

Carts that have come filled with calves and pigs return laden with terra-cotta pots for oil and wicker-covered bottles for wine. It is the chief holiday and merrymaking of the year to many of these simple-minded, hard-working peasants; but so unwilling

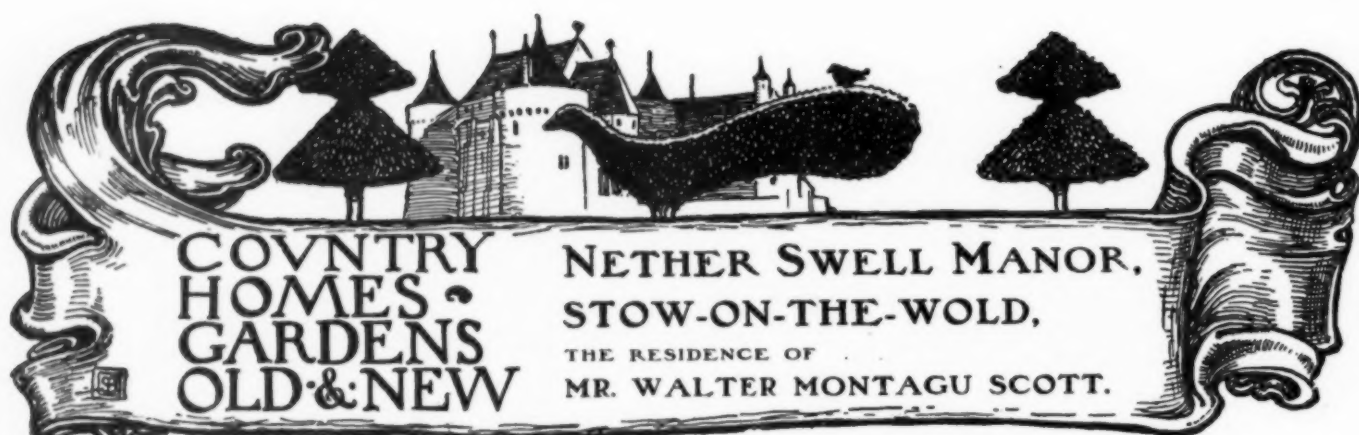
are they to lose an unnecessary hour that the moment the business is done they turn their backs upon the delights of the city.

Yet most of them, on their way to the fair, find time to pause at the door of one of Assisi's many churches, to pass within the heavy leathern curtain and, entering its dim precincts, to offer up some prayer. For to them St. Francis is ever a friend and an intercessor: "Nostro Santo—Il poverello d'Assisi." And who shall blame them for their devotion to memory? And although sounds of revelry may be heard proceeding from various *cafés* on October 4th, and the shouting at the game of "Morra" may be louder than usual, it is most rare to see a drunken man or woman in the streets.

F. F. MAXWELL-LYTE.



PART OF THE CATTLE FAIR.



PERHAPS no part of England demands of those who build within its coasts so strait a devotion to local traditions as do the Cotswolds, nor has obedience been lacking. Removed as these splendid hills are from the tracks of industrial England, the outbreak of architectural ugliness and baseness which marked the last century left them scarred indeed, but not defaced. Still better, they have been now for many years in some sort a preserve for architects and craftsmen of marked if widely differing gifts, who

have exerted a strong influence not only to maintain the old unharmed, but, where new was wanted, to follow the builders of bygone days patiently and faithfully. Among them Mr. Guy Dawber has his own very excellent place, and Nether Swell is one of the fruits of his labour. The house stands on a site which is new to habitation, but even in its short life has suffered large change. It gives the impression, perhaps, of being somewhat rambling in plan and restless in outline, as though, indeed, there had been some idea of imitating the slow accretion of generations.

It must be said at once that such a charge is baseless, but the conditions which made so many great houses a tumbled mass of features has been operative to some extent. Reference to the plan will show some walls indicated in solid black and the rest by hatched lines. The former show the limits of the comparatively small house built in 1903, the latter the very considerable additions completed only a year ago. As Nether Swell stands on the slope of a hill, the contour of the ground helped to indicate the position of the added work and gave the house its irregular grouping. The result is a charming picturesque quality, which is emphasised by the care with which Mr. Guy Dawber has followed local ways in the details of building as well as in the broad outlines of the early seventeenth century manner. Local ragstone has been used throughout, quarried from the hill behind the house. It is of a rich yellow which quickly tones to gold, and the dressings of a lighter tone, from a lower bed, came from Farmington near by. Needless to say, the roofs are covered with stone slates, and their laying is a delightful feature of the building. The old craft fell for a century into decay, and the slaters had got into evil habits of cutting their stone in thin and even sheets, so that they differed not at all, save in colour, from the evil blue slates of Bangor.

It would need the pen of a Kipling to do justice to the enchanting names for different sizes of slates which have come down in the mouths of Cotswold slaters. Something in the manner of "The Ship that Found Herself" may yet be woven of



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PORCH AND GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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COTSWOLD BAYS AND GABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

such words as cussomes, wivetts, becks, bachelors and move-days. What an unexplored country is the "valley" that divides two sloping roofs! Each slate that forms it has its own name. The middle one is a bottomer, there are two lie-byes on either side and skews break the joint. Dante Gabriel Rossetti did not disdain to confess that he searched old books at the British Museum to find stunning words for his poems. We must be grateful to such students of bygone building ways as

Mr. Dawber, not only for writing *Resurgam* on dead traditions, but for disinterring such stunning words as cussome and wivett.

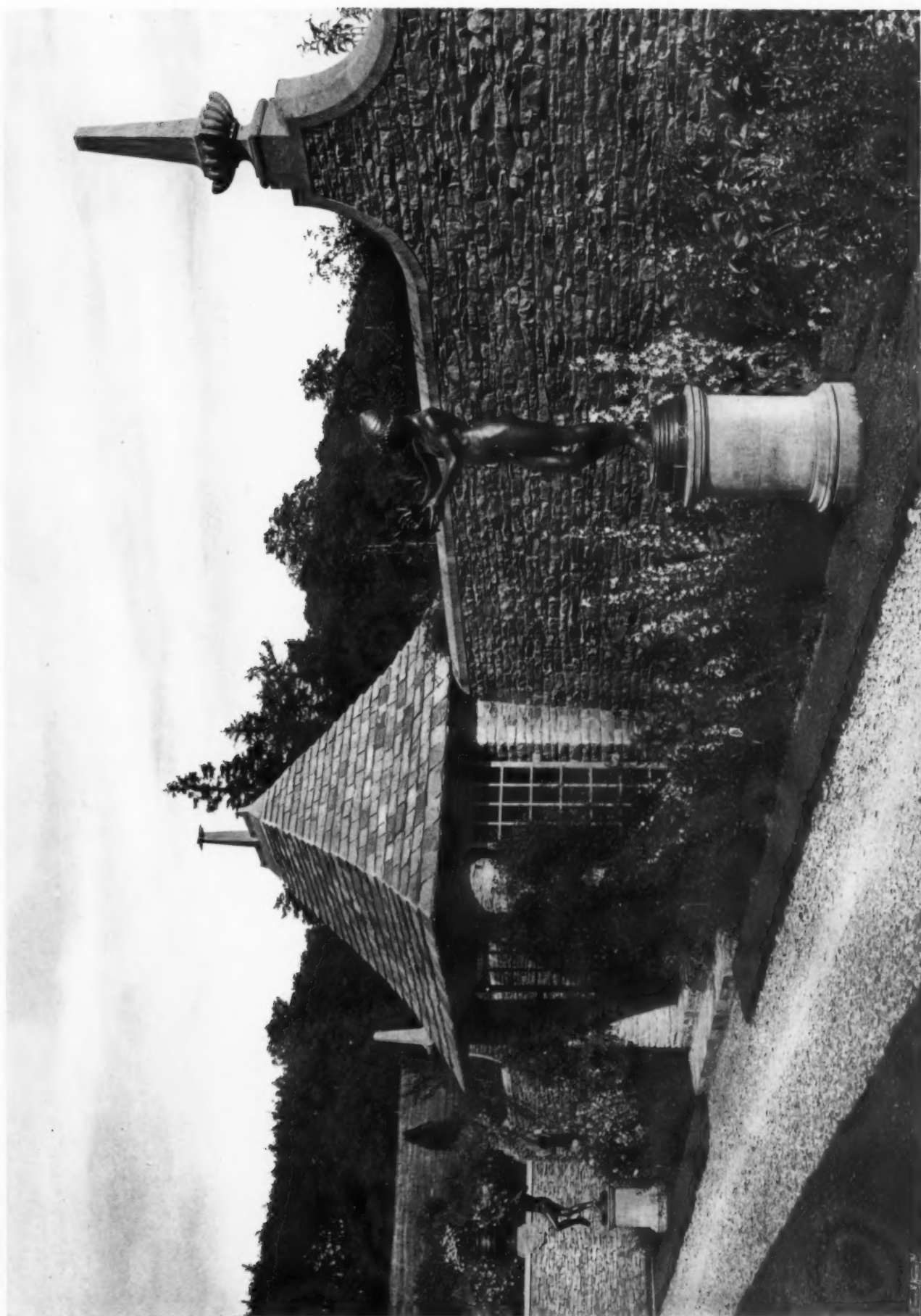
One of the secrets of getting a finely-textured roof is to abjure the "bests," all neatly cut and trimmed, and to use instead the "presents," or second quality, which have the grace of irregularity. The picture of "Cotswold Bays and Gable" shows the rich feeling which slates rightly laid can give. The graduation of the sizes which make up the roof (wivetts and the



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THE WEST FRONT.

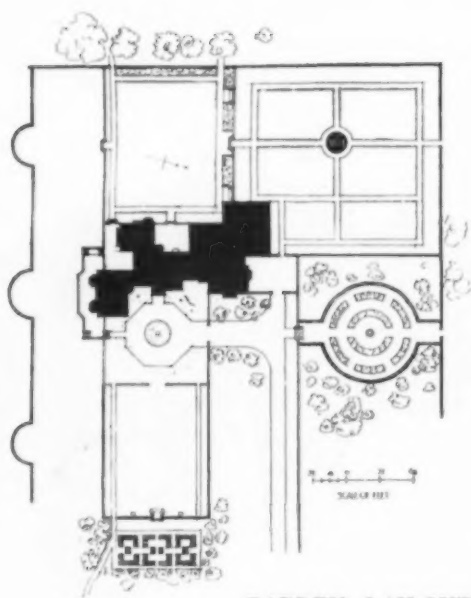
"COUNTRY LIFE."



FRENCH STATUES AND ENGLISH GARDEN-HOUSE.

Copyright.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDEN LAY-OUT.

rest aforesaid) and the changeful tones of the vertical slate-hanging give a vitality altogether attractive. Though the house owns its seventeenth century parentage, it is not conceived in a merely imitative spirit, as will be noted from the treatment of the tall pierced parapets, which are a varia-



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

such thoughtful devices that the working of a house is made pleasant and easy, and the presence of them makes one wonder how the great houses of the eighteenth century, with their kitchens often separated from the main building by long open

tion from the more usual balustrade. The garden is admirably devised, and though the magnificent series of vases which came from Bagatelle are not in natural accord with their surroundings, they are exquisite specimens of the French bronze-founder's art. Some are contemporary replicas of vases existing at Versailles, one in particular being modelled by Pallin and cast by Duvall; but these must be the subject of a separate article. The picture from the porch shows that ever-popular statue the Flying Mercury of Giovanni di Bologna, not as at Melbourne, Derbyshire, in lead, but in its right material, bronze. The figures by the garden-house are the work of modern French sculptors, and very dainty is the boy with the bird.

The farm buildings are all designed by Mr. Dawber on a general scheme laid down by the late Dudley Clark. As they shelter a yearling bull that won a first at the last Royal show and such a noble Berkshire boar as Okeford Emperor, they need to be and are entirely practical, but lack nothing in attractiveness as buildings.

There are a few practical points about the arrangement of the house that will interest the student of planning. The kitchen has clerestory lights on three sides, and other windows at the ordinary level on two sides, a liberality in fenestration which makes for perfect comfort. A passage with outer doors at either end separates it from the three larders, and a draught thus blows through to the defeating of flies. There is a hatch from the kitchen to the serving lobby, so that men servants need never invade the cook's domain, and a big hot cupboard for plates stands by the dining-room door. It is by



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TERRACE AND ORIEL IN SOUTH-WEST ANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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LOOKING SOUTHWARDS: A MEDLEY OF ROOFS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

colonnades, were considered habitable. The architecture of to-day, however, is concerned with a good deal more than practical convenience, though its absence is a grave because needless offence.

Not only should a house bear the personal stamp of its designer, but it fails of one of its purposes if it does not express the tastes of the people who inhabit it. Provided always (as lawyers say) that this expression of individuality is reasonable and without affectation. When one remembers "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and the young gentleman who was so urgent

that he should stamp himself upon the age, the desire for originality may well vanish, and a recollection of Frederick Locker-Lampson is also full of warning.

"One of the most curious instances of a man stamping his individuality on his house was that of Allardyce. He had been an athlete and . . . commissioned McDonald to take his full-length portrait in marble, colossal size, as Hercules, and therefore without a stitch of clothing. . . . It was a striking portrait. The first object that greeted the coy visitor on entering Allardyce's house was his lordship erected in the hall, in a



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

decidedly threatening attitude, keeping watch and ward over the great coats and umbrellas." It makes a delightful picture of an eccentric egoist, and we need not travel so far in a desire to make our house a fit framing for our life, and its furnishing a symbol of our tastes. Both these ends have been achieved at Nether Swell, and in a reasonable way. Mr. Walter M. Scott lives a typical country life, and has won no small successes with the stock that one sees in his farm-steading. This aspect of rural existence in England and its preoccupation with agricultural pursuits has happily lived through an infinity of change in the busier currents of existence. With just these things did people concern themselves in the seventeenth century, when they lived in the manor houses that are the prototype in outward treatment of Nether Swell. As the outlook on the external activities of life, such as the care of the land, has remained the same, it is not unreasonable that this continuity should have its architectural expression in fidelity to the building traditions of the district. With the interior of the house it is otherwise. Mental range and interests, both intellectual and artistic, have widened to an extent which can scarcely be estimated and can certainly not be catalogued. In the seventeenth century, at the time when architectural development had reached the point represented by the design of Nether Swell, the Renaissance was feeling its way tentatively and had so far affected the English tradition only superficially. This was more markedly the case in districts like the Cotswolds, removed from the cosmopolitan influences which permeated Court life. Where classical motives were employed they took a subordinate place and were incorporated with the older traditions.

The Cotswold gentleman was himself, maybe, untouched as yet by the deep change in the current of thought which the Renaissance represents. That the fireplace in his hall was flanked by Ionic columns probably meant little to him; it certainly did not represent any radical change in his tastes and pursuits. He had, perhaps, gathered from Elyot's "Governour"

His general attitude, however, continued entirely English and insular, and the furnishing of his home would remain the same despite the sporadic outbreak of foreign motives. To-day we have changed all that. The outlook of the educated man is



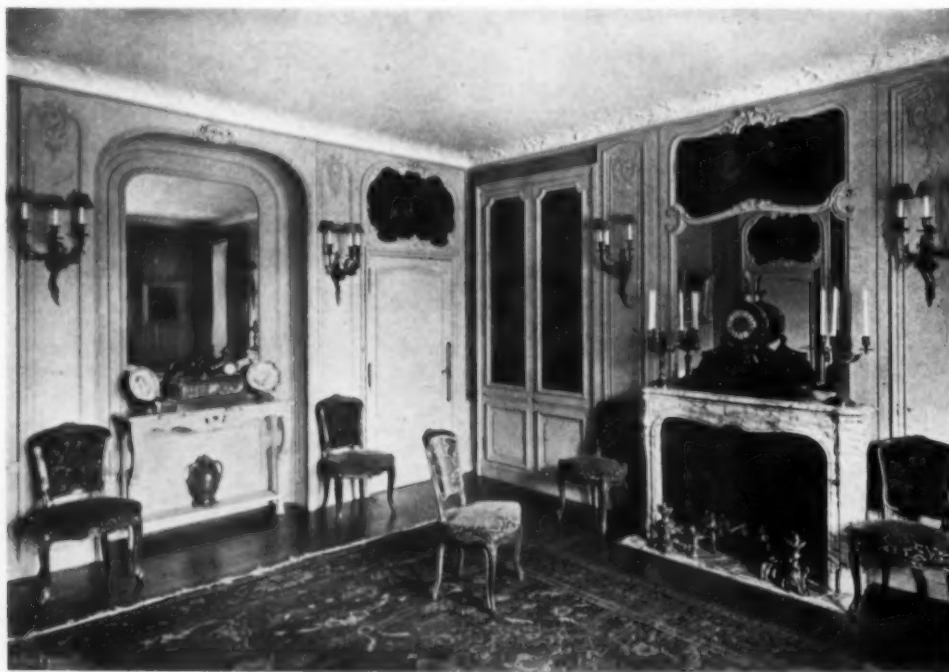
Copyright. IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT NETHER SWELL. "COUNTRY LIFE."

cosmopolitan, and while he may, in external things, accept the traditions of three centuries ago and follow them faithfully and naturally, his personal tastes are likely to travel widely for their satisfaction. The eclectic spirit, indeed, is of the essence of modern life, and because different decorative languages serve to express varied and wide-flung interests, it follows that the old uniformity of treatment within and without cannot always be maintained, and would sometimes involve a falsity in expression.

The interior decorations of Nether Swell must be considered in the light of Mr. Scott's personal tastes and interests. It is natural enough that the brother of Sir John Murray Scott, who so greatly facilitated the transfer to the nation of the priceless treasures of the Wallace Collection, should alike be permeated with a large admiration of French decorations and furniture. Nether Swell is the repository of some of the *objets d'art* which were collected by Sir Richard Wallace, and such things demanded an appropriate setting. The living-rooms were therefore decorated under the direction of M. Marcel Boulanger, and the pictures of the billiard-room and study show with what admirable judgment the work has been done. Some of the enrichments in the former room are copied from Versailles, and the delicate little cove of the ceiling in the latter has slight reliefs modelled from another historical French house. It must be confessed that there is some sense of surprise as one goes in from surveying the typically English exterior to see French work in all the reception-rooms. Considered, however, in the light of the foregoing argument, which is based on the need that architecture shall express the individual, it is not clear how else the situation could have been handled. It would certainly have been a misfortune

if façades in the French manner had been set up in the heart of the Cotswolds, and the dual entity of Nether Swell seems, on the whole, a logical expression of its owner's habits of life and tastes.

L. W.



Copyright. FRENCH DECORATION IN THE STUDY. "COUNTRY LIFE."

that a child should learn "some quick and merry dialogues out of Lucian." He would have complacently accepted from Tully the need to play and disport, and have agreed on sufficient classical grounds "daunsyng to be of an excellent utilitie."

THE SHAG.



C. J. King.

SHAGS AT HOME.

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THAT the appearance of an object depends entirely upon the light reflected from its surface is a truism which was once forcibly brought to my mind by a shag. Ordinarily as seen from a distance a shag is an ungainly, damp-looking bird, with no more figure than a soda-water bottle and a long neck unpleasantly reminiscent of snakes. But once I saw a shag in a light which transformed it into the most glorious bird I have ever seen. I was looking over the edge of a cliff late one summer's evening, and, unperceived, was watching a shag standing on a projecting rock some way below peering anxiously around as if wondering what the other birds were alarmed at. The wind was ruffling its feathers and the sun was setting angrily in the north-west. Suddenly, through a rift in the clouds, a last horizontal ray of sunshine touched it, and straightway turned it into a sparkling, iridescent mass of jewels. Against the background of the glaucous sea below it, every feather instantly flamed up in copper, purple, gold and all the tints of burnished metal. A few moments it stood thus, even its neck quivering like a mass of mother-o'-pearl, and then of a sudden the vision of splendour was gone, leaving an ungainly bird in

the twilight all unconscious of its departed glory. Unless in a neighbourhood where they are much harried, it is generally possible by moving slowly over the rocks and, moreover, moving steadily, for a missed footing is fatal, to get within two or three yards of a shag perched on a rock. Then you can see that the plumage is a deep metallic green; but the feature to notice is the eye, which is just like a beautiful green opal, quite unlike the eye of any other bird I know.

I spent some hours stalking a shag this summer, and got several snap-shots of it, not more than six feet away, only to find in the evening that nearly all were ruined owing to the camera having a fit of the sulks. This bird was more or less anchored, as he was on guard on a rock a little higher than that under which his wife was mothering her young. It was while I was standing on this rock overhanging the nest that he obliged me by stretching himself. This extraordinary attitude is not to be confounded with the courtship antics so interestingly described by E. Selous in "Bird Watching." The way shags dive is a curious performance. Whether they perform better when in a hurry to get out of the way I am not sure, but I have generally



C. J. King.

SHAG AND PUFFIN IN THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

Copyright.

seen the dive best from the deck of a steamer. Each bird jumps right up into the air and turns a complete somersault, and when there happens to be a flock of half-a-dozen, it looks like a witch's frolic. Another curious habit to be noted from a steamer is that any shag flying at right angles to the vessel's course will go out of its way to pass under the bows rather than under the stern. Whether the shag, like the modern aviator, objects to the big fellow taking his wind I do not know, but I have never met with a satisfactory explanation. The shag in my experience is a more confiding bird than its big relative the cormorant. Again I do not know if this is due to the cormorant being more harried by fishermen, whether it is due to greater intelligence or to constitutional timidity; but anyhow, in approaching an islet crowded with both birds preening and drying themselves, the cormorants are easily distinguished, apart from their size, by flying away long before the shags take the alarm.

Colonel Moore reminds me that we noticed that young cormorants are very much more shy, too, than young shags of a corresponding age. Shags as well as cormorants are fond of standing on a rock and hanging their wings out sideways at arm's length in order to dry them. I have never met with shags



Col. Moore.

A SENTINEL.

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on inland waters, but have seen a flock of cormorants staying on Derwentwater in early spring for a fortnight at a time, and remember a sight that puzzled me for some minutes—three large birds on a dead tree, which at first sight I thought might be ravens, until through my glasses I saw their snaky necks, and as I got nearer all three dropped from the tree into the water and disappeared.

The cormorants' nests I have met with have all been in the open, and the old birds promptly deserted their homes whether containing eggs or young, not being nearly so devoted to their young as are the shags. Shags, whether nesting on cliffs or on the level, choose positions sheltered from the rain, which only seems reasonable considering the nakedness of the young. Unless scared away by your abrupt appearance on the scene, the parent bird remains on the nest, darting her widely opened beak at you with writhing neck, all the while uttering fearsome sounds. As it snaps furiously, the colour of its gape, a brilliant mustard yellow, gives it quite a poisonous aspect, and the effectiveness of the demonstration is enhanced by its weird cries. These are quite *sui generis*, reedy, grunting croaks, interspersed with sounds something like those a child might make on a flageolet. Although making a brave show, its intense



Col. Moore.

SHAG AND PUFFIN.

Copyright.

anxiety is betrayed by the gulping movements of its throat. This same fluttering of the throat may be observed in the young cormorant deserted on the nest, and its writhing and snapping look formidable; but if allowed to attack the bare hand, all that is felt is a cold, clammy, impotent snap.

Mr. King does not think this fluttering of the throat is a sign of fear, as he has watched a shag sitting quietly with its mouth partly open doing it for half-an-hour at a time; but,



Col. Moore.

ON THE LOOK OUT.

Copyright.

anyhow, it is a characteristic feature of the bird. He also tells me that on one occasion he came across a shag nesting in the usual way with a flat rock overhanging the nest to shelter it from the rain. As the bird did not seem inclined to budge, he tried to photograph it at close quarters. This made it very angry, and it showed fight in the usual way, all the time swearing profusely in shag language. Time after time the bird came off the nest and ran at him, but always stopped when six or seven feet off and then returned to the young. On this occasion the bird was probably the male. I say probably, because it is just on occasions when you would like to be sure of the sex that the male does not show his distinctive crest.

The most surprising episode Mr. King remembers in an experience of twenty years is that of a shag which, at the conclusion of a successful stalk, allowed him to stroke its back. From what he afterwards heard, this was probably a bird that had been fed from a yacht; but it affords an interesting glimpse of what the bird world might become if less lead were imported.

In my experience the shag is a cleaner bird than the cormorant; however excrement splashed its surroundings may be, the nest itself is clean enough, and even in a somewhat crowded colony the *tout ensemble* falls far short of a cormorant colony. I have never seen the shag feed its young; but that the fare is generous may be gathered when you find that a week suffices to change naked youngsters the size of sparrows into fat plucked pigeons. I have never had much to do photographically with the shag except *en passant*, but can imagine that intimate observation from a hiding tent would prove it to be a most interesting bird to study. What I should like to do would be to put up a hiding tent in early spring near one of its favourite rocks, for there are some rocks that almost play the part of clubs where you are nearly sure of members dropping in at certain states of the tide, and leave the tent up for some days in order to accustom the birds to its presence. By this means I think it would be quite possible to get a series illustrating the fantastic postures of the male during the courtship display. But simply stalking them or other sea-birds, such as razor-bills and guillemots, with a camera is great sport, notwithstanding expressions I have seen describing it as child's play. To approach a group of these birds with your head under the focussing cloth and pick your way confidently and slowly, sometimes scuttling sideways like a crab, and occasionally walking backwards in order to disarm suspicion, and all the time over rocks like a jumbled heap of cottage pianos, is a feat I have lately watched as done by a master in the art, but it requires both nerve and dexterity.

FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.



Dr. Heatherley.

A SHAG STRETCHING ITSELF.

Copyright.

said, therefore, that our Colonies are supplying five out of six tons of all our imported cheese. Butter comes from all quarters, and renders our home production a small and not very profitable business; but with cheese the British farmer can still compete successfully on one condition, viz., that he can make the finest quality.

HILL-FARMING IN 1910.

The month of November finds the hill-farmer of the North closing his accounts for the year, and it is now possible to form a fairly accurate idea as to how he has fared during the season just ended. His well-being depends on two main factors—weather and prices. These factors have a very important bearing, of course, on all farming operations, on the low ground as well as "outbye"; but as the hillman has most of his eggs in one basket, he is, to a greater extent, at the mercy of circumstances than is the farmer of the lowlands, who is able to make up losses in one direction by gains in another. The winter of 1909-10 passed without any serious loss among sheep stocks due to severe storms, and, generally speaking, the crop of lambs was up to average. In some districts, indeed, average yield was considerably exceeded. On the payment side of the account no unusual expense was incurred for hay or other keep, as is sometimes necessary when snow lies long and is frozen hard. The weather, therefore, gave no special cause for complaint. And as to prices, most men would say that if they were never worse they would do very well. Cheviots were distinctly above the average of the last ten or twelve years; and in making a comparison between the figures of the past year and those of previous years I have taken the prices of the Teviotdale Farmers' Club as being fairly applicable to the whole of the extensive tracts of country carrying Cheviot sheep.

It is very easy to get far wrong in making such comparisons, because draft ewes, for example, do not rise and fall in price exactly as do, say, wedder lambs, and wool in its variations does not by any means follow either. It is necessary, therefore, to take the prices of those classes of sheep which constitute the "cast" in as nearly as possible the same proportions as occur in actual practice, and to include in the calculation a suitable amount of wool. Roughly speaking, the value of a wedder lamb, a draft ewe and a stone of

wool would, when added together, provide a sufficiently accurate gauge wherewith to measure the yearly variations in the total receipts of a hill farm, and the figures given below are calculated on that basis:

Year.	Sum of the prices of one lamb, one ewe and one stone of wool as above.		Sum of the prices stated in terms of 100.	
	s.	d.		
1899	..	45 6	..	Say 100
1900	..	53 3	..	" 117
1901	..	46 6	..	" 102
1902	..	49 3	..	" 108
1903	..	55 9	..	" 122
1904	..	63 6	..	" 140
1905	..	70 3	..	" 154
1906	..	78 9	..	" 173
1907	..	67 3	..	" 148
1908	..	50 6	..	" 111
1909	..	50 3	..	" 110
1910	..	63 6	..	" 140
Mean	127

The results of 1910 are, therefore, well above the mean of the twelve years stated, and are rather more than twenty-six per cent. higher than in 1909. The percentages shown give a fair idea of the limits within which the total receipts of a hill farm range, and, at the same time, they indicate how very unstable prices of hill stock are. If the table were extended backwards for another score of years it would be seen that high and low water marks follow one another with unfailing regularity at periods of about six or eight years, the up grade and down grade continuing for about three to four

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE POSITION OF THE BRITISH CHEESEMAKER.

THERE is a great difference between the two industries of butter and cheese making in this country as regards foreign competition. It is much more severe with the former, and were it not for Canada the cheesemaker at home would virtually have the market to himself. It is curious to note how popular cheese-making has become in the Dominion, and the amount of produce its factories send to the Mother Country is something stupendous. In the year ending June 30th last the receipts of cheese in the United Kingdom amounted to seventy-nine thousand six hundred and sixty-one tons from Canada alone, New Zealand adding a further twenty-two thousand six hundred and fifty tons, while all the imports from foreign countries put together only amount to about twenty thousand tons. It may be

years each. The following table showing the high and low water levels since 1872 is, I think, not uninteresting :

High Water.			Low Water.		
	s.	d.		s.	d.
1872	74	10	1874	48	0
1875	71	9	1879	50	0
1882	82	9	1885	43	3
1889	72	3	1892	35	6
1895	60	0	1899	44	9
1900	55	3	1901	46	6
1906	84	0	1909	40	3

It will be noted that the year 1906 brought the highest tide of the period, and 1909 the lowest except 1892. J. C.

A STARTLING EXPERIMENT.

It has long been known that electricity has in some way a potent influence on the life of both animals and plants, and acts as a stimulant to growth in the latter and as a remedial agent for checking or curing the diseases of the former. It has, however, been reserved for Professor Silas Wentworth, an electrical expert, to demonstrate its effect on the reproductive powers of ewes. At

Roseville, California, he took two thousand ewes and divided them into two equal flocks, fairly drawn for personal merit and vigour of health. The two flocks were located in two "fields" sufficiently extensive to maintain them in the usual way. Across one of these fields he stretched electric wires, leaving the other untouched by them. After a year of exactly the same treatment, as regards food and attention, it was found that the ewes under the electrical influence had produced an average of more than two lambs each while the other flock had failed to produce one lamb each. Not only so, but the fleeces of the flock in the electrified portion were much the heavier and better in quality. This reads like a very tall story only fit for a subject for ridicule. The *Breeders' Gazette*, one of the best agricultural papers in the world, does not so treat the matter, but vouches for the good faith of this scientific investigator. For in an editorial note, it is cutely remarked that farmers will hardly proceed at once to place electric wires over their fields and put down generators till they hear more about it. Few thoughtful people, however, in these days will be inclined to laugh at any "proposition" as the Americans would say, in connection with the possibilities of electricity. A. T. M.

RELICS & RARIORA OF THE ROAD.—II.

THE organiser of anniversary celebrations has somehow or other missed one of the most interesting opportunities of 1910, which is practically the tercentenary of the stage-coach. It was in 1610 (according to Mr. C. G. Harper's "Chronology of the Road") that a patent was granted for a waggon-coach between Edinburgh

and Leith. The first allusion to the Southampton "weekly stage," shews that it ran in 1648, and nine years later a stage-coach service was started between London and Chester, to be quickly followed by Exeter, York and Edinburgh and Oxford "stages." The Bath "Flying Machine" commenced running in 1667. It was not till 1710 that stage-coaches were provided with glazed windows, and twenty years later the convenient "basket" or "rumble-tumble" was introduced. Until the middle of the eighteenth century the coaching season ended with the beginning of winter! It was the "glazed window" which apparently led to a new order of things, and in 1782, two years before the institution of the mail-coach, Pennant, Mr. Harper tells us, spoke exultingly of "rapid journeys in easy chaises, fit for the conveyance of the soft inhabitants of Sybaris." The next notable improvement, the introduction of springs under the driving boxes, dated from the year of Trafalgar, when

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Cardiff and Edinburgh Royal Mail, through Cardiff, Glam., and London, via the coast road by sea, and
Chester Royal Mail, through Chester, Flint, and Wrexham, via the coast road by sea, and
Exeter Royal Mail, through Exeter, Devon, and Plymouth, via the coast road by sea, and
Falmouth Royal Mail, through Falmouth, Cornwall, and Plymouth, via the coast road by sea, and
Gloucester Royal Mail, through Gloucester, Glos., and Worcester, via the coast road by sea, and
Leicester Royal Mail, through Leicester, Leics., and London, via the coast road by sea, and
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Manchester Royal Mail, through Manchester, Lancs., and London, via the coast road by sea, and
Nottingham Royal Mail, through Nottingham, Leics., and London, via the coast road by sea, and
Plymouth Royal Mail, through Plymouth, Devon, and Exeter, via the coast road by sea, and
Reading Royal Mail, through Reading, Berks., and London, via the coast road by sea, and
Sheffield Royal Mail, through Sheffield, Yorks., and London, via the coast road by sea, and
Southampton Royal Mail, through Southampton, Hants., and London, via the coast road by sea, and
Worcester Royal Mail, through Worcester, Worcs., and London, via the coast road by sea, and
York Royal Mail, through York, Yorks., and London, via the coast road by sea, and
Yorks. Royal Mail, through York, Yorks., and London, via the coast road by sea, and

POST COACHES.

MORNING.

Weymouth, through Dorset	1	Derby, through Derby	1
Norwich, through Norfolk	2	Edinburgh, through Edinburgh	2
Dorchester, through Dorset	3	Glasgow, through Glasgow	3
Nottingham, through Nottingham	4	Leicester, through Leicester	4
Leicester, through Leicester	5	Manchester, through Manchester	5
Derby, through Derby	6	Nottingham, through Nottingham	6
Windsor and Eton	7	Bristol, through Bristol	7
Birmingham, through Birmingham	8	Cardiff, through Cardiff	8
Chester, through Chester	9	Exeter, through Exeter	9
Gloucester, through Gloucester	10	Falmouth, through Falmouth	10
Holyhead, through Holyhead	11	Liverpool, through Liverpool	11
Liverpool, through Liverpool	12	Warwick, through Warwick	12
Warwick, through Warwick	13	Dover, through Dover	13
Dover, through Dover	14	Canterbury, through Canterbury	14
Canterbury, through Canterbury	15	Paris, by way of Dover	15
Paris, by way of Dover	16	Southampton, through Southampton	16
Southampton, through Southampton	17	London, through London	17

AFTERNOON.

Liverpool, through Liverpool	1	Derby, through Derby	1
Exeter, through Exeter	2	Edinburgh, through Edinburgh	2
Falmouth, through Falmouth	3	Glasgow, through Glasgow	3
Plymouth, through Plymouth	4	Leicester, through Leicester	4
Cambridge, through Cambridge	5	Manchester, through Manchester	5
Canterbury, through Canterbury	6	Nottingham, through Nottingham	6
Baynton and Huntingford	7	Bristol, through Bristol	7
Carlisle, through Carlisle	8	Cardiff, through Cardiff	8
	9	Exeter, through Exeter	9
	10	Falmouth, through Falmouth	10
	11	Liverpool, through Liverpool	11
	12	Warwick, through Warwick	12
	13	Dover, through Dover	13
	14	Canterbury, through Canterbury	14
	15	Paris, by way of Dover	15
	16	Southampton, through Southampton	16
	17	London, through London	17

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From Leicester to		Lutterworth ..	14	Doncaster	12
Welford	16	Dunstable	10		
Northampton ..	15	Southam	8	Cambridge.	
Newport Pagnell	15	Banbury	14		
Woburn	9	Oxford	23	Harrowby	15
Dunstable	9			Kettering	11
St. Alban's	13	York.		Thrapstone	9
Barnet	10			Huntingdon	17
London	12	Loughborough ..	11	Cambridge	16
		Nottingham	15		
Manchester.		Olverton	18	Cambridge.	
Loughborough ..	11	Barnley Moor	12		
Derby	17	Doncaster	14	Uppingham	20
Ashbourne	13	Ferry Bridge	15	Wansford	14
Leek	15	Tadcaster	13	Hockley-Hill	16
Malvern	13	York	9	Cambridge	21
Bullock-Smyth ..	9				
Manchester	9	Boston.		Birmingham.	
		Melton-Mowbray ..	15	Hinckley	14
Leeds.		Grantham	16	Coventry	13
Loughborough ..	11	Sheffield	14	Meriden	6
Nottingham	15	Boston	18	Birmingham	12
Sheffield	12			Lichfield.	
Chatterfield	13	Doncaster.		Hinckley	14
Sheffield	12	From Mansfield to		Atherstone	9
Barnsley	12	Worksop	14	Tamworth	9
Wakefield	12	Doncaster	16	Lichfield	7
Leeds	9				

A DIRECT ROAD INDICATOR OF 1820.

the Plymouth coach brought the news of Nelson's great victory to London.

Turnpike-tickets, way-bills and time-bills all belong to the rariora of the road. Specimens of all these are now very rare, the first being practically unobtainable, although they might have been collected in 1840, and even till 1850, by the sackful. There are none in the British Museum, and only a few examples of those relating to the London toll-bars in the Guildhall Library. The Brighton time-bill, now reproduced from Captain Spicer's collection, is very interesting, especially if it be carefully compared with

Mr. Harper's time-bill of the far-famed London, Exeter and Devonport "Quicksilver" coach of 1837. In 1810 Brighton was still Brighthelmstone, as it is always called

			
SCOTT, Bull Inn & Royal Hotel, Preston.			
	£.	s.	d.
Dinner Bill			
Dinner			
Eating			
Tea			
Supper			
Breakfast	-	2	-
Claret			
Port			
Sherry			
Madeira			
Champagne and Hook			
Negus and Punch	-	3	-
Rum and Brandy			
Geneva and Soda			
Ale, Porter, and Beer			
Cyder and Perry			
Fruit and Sugar			
Tobacco			
Servants' Eating and Liquor			
Horses' Hay and Corn			
Washing			
Wax Lights and Rush Lights			
Paper and Letters			
Horses, and Chaise			
Tolls			
Beds	-	2	6
Fires	-	1	
Blacksmith			
Greasing			
Sitting Room			
	£-	9-	4
Chambermaid			
Waiter			
Ostler			
Boots			

(Clarke, Printer, Church-street, Preston.)

BILL FOUND IN AN OLD ROAD-BOOK.

and active in getting it off.—By command of the Postmaster-General.

The words in the time-bill, "time-piece safe," lend additional interest to the reproduction of the guard's clock or watch in Captain Spicer's collection, which was always carried in a locked-up case in order to check irregularities. The clock was as essential a part of the coach's equipment as the blunderbuss or even the whip. In 1819 appeared a fresh issue of another important road-book, which soon became the traveller's companion. About 1825, at the commencement of the "golden age" of coaching, it must have been almost indispensable. Its full title was "Cary's New Itinerary, or an Accurate Deliniation of Great Roads both Direct and Cross throughout England and Wales, with some of the Principal Roads in Scotland from an actual admeasurement by John Cary, made by command of his Majesty's Postmaster General, for Official Purposes, under the Direction and Inspection of Thomas Hasker Esqre, Surveyor and Superintendent of Mail Coaches." A copy of this book, bound in green pigskin, with flaps fastened by long ribbons of the same colour, is in the possession of the writer. There is a deep pocket in each cover. In one of these were found the Leicester Direct Road Indicator, the modest bill of the Bull Inn at Preston and the curious card of the Bell at Scarborough, which Thomas



GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

The Earl of SANDWICH and The Earl of CHICHESTER,
His Majesty's Postmaster-General.

London and Brighthelmstone MAIL COACH TIME-BILL.

Miles	Time allowed H. M.	Dispatched from the General Post-Office, the of 1810, at 10 0
William	264 4	Coach N° sent out } With a Time-Piece safe 0 Arrived at Horsehill at N°
William & Phillips	14 8	0 Arrived at Cuckfield at
Phillips	14 8	0 Arrived at the G. P. O. Brighthelmstone, the of 554 8 0 1810, at
		Coach N° arrived } Delivered the Time-Piece safe N° to
Returned		
		Dispatched from the Post-Office, Brighthelmstone the 29 of May 1810, at 10 O'clock at night
Phillips	14 8	Coach N° 155 returned } With a Time-Piece safe 0 Arrived at Cuckfield at 12 o'clock N° 40 to Martin
Phillips & William	14 8	0 Arrived at Horsehill at 2 o'clock
William	264 4	0 Arrived at the General Post-Office, the 22 of May 554 8 0 1810, at 5-50
		Coach N° 165 arrived } Delivered the Time-Piece safe N° 40 to

THE Time of working each Stage is to be reckoned from the Coach's Arrival. Five Minutes for changing Four Horses is as much as is necessary, and as the Time, whether more or less, is to be fetched up in the Course of the Stage, it is the Coachman's Duty to be as expeditious as possible, and to report the Horse-keepers if they are not always ready when the Coach arrives, and allow to getting it off.

By Command of the Postmaster-General,

T. HASKER

LONDON AND BRIGHTON TIME-BILL OF 1810.

Rowlandson must have seen when he went there to make sketches of that already popular watering-place. The advertisement bills of the Swan with Two Necks (a name which arose

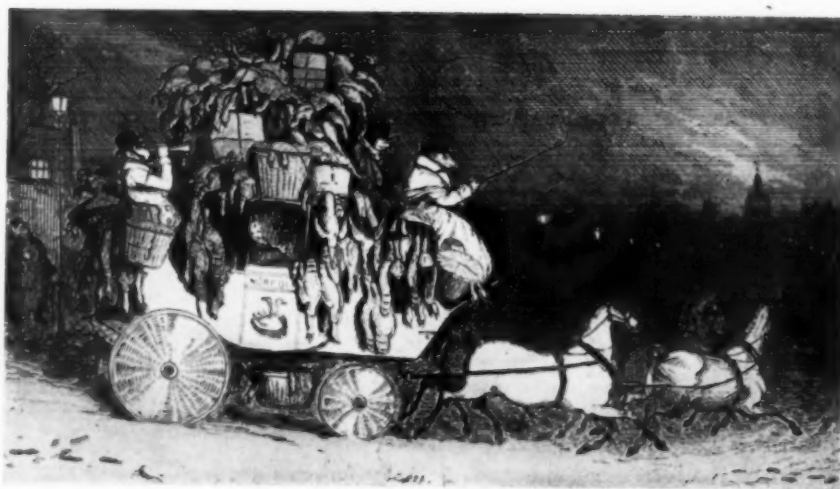
from the corruption of the word "nicks," which denotes the marks made on the birds during the customary "visitations"), the Cross Keys and General Coach Office in Cheapside (1825) and the White Hart at Bath (1828) all belong to those halcyon days which preceded the catastrophe of 1837-38, when the introduction of railways condemned the great roads to a sleep of seventy years. Few coaches can lay claim to so remarkable a wealth of illustration as those which, for the greater part of two centuries, conveyed passengers between the metropolis of England and the "Capital of Fashion."

Towards the end of the eighteenth century commenced the reign in Bath of John Palmer, who began life as the lessee of the Orchard Street Theatre, in which Siddons, Garrick and Henderson all played, and eventually became Surveyor and Comptroller-General of the Post Office. There is a charming print of the Bath coach which was published on January 1st, 1803, by Pollard. It was engraved by



AN INN CARD OF THE COACHING DAYS.

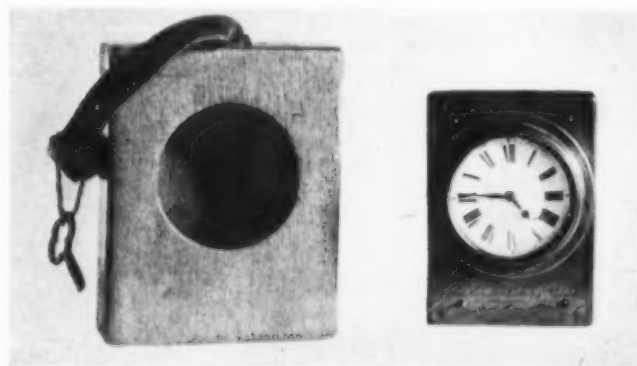
James Fittler after a drawing by George Robertson. The heavily-laden Norfolk coach, a view of which is also given, bears on its panels the popular but wholly erroneous device of the "Swan with the Two Necks." Upon the site of the Swan now flourishes the famous carrying business of "Pickford's," the proprietors of which have carefully preserved many interesting relics and rariora of the road. Captain Spicer, in addition to an almost unrivalled collection of coaching engravings, possesses some fifty whips, all of which did good service on one or other of the "great roads." Among the large array of "itineraries" and other coaching books are such works as Newhouse's "Road Scrapings" and Newhouse's "Roadster's Album." Many of the old maps and other literary rariora have been discovered by Mr. George Gregory of Bath. Another department is devoted by Captain Spicer to antique spectacles, lorgnettes and eyeglasses used by travellers. It is in the fitness of things that the once well-known "Taglioni" coach should have found a home at Spye Park, where it is not infrequently used by the owner. Its present aspect, however, contrasts very strongly with its appearance when it was sketched seventy-three years ago by C. C. Henderson on the Windsor high road, with its then owner, the Earl of Chesterfield, on the box. Before another twelve months had passed away the doom of both the coach and the coachman was imminent. In 1838 a contemporary writer, who shared De Quincey's outspoken dictum that "new



THE NORFOLK COACH AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

times, caused by difference in the flow of sap. Two plants of different countries of totally different natures have different seasons of starting, and in that way may paralyse the good kind. Other nurserymen graft on Viticella, a European plant and a much better stock, and they say that the plants thus grafted will often root themselves, and no doubt they sometimes do so. Why graft at all? With free-growing plants like these there is no good reason for it. The old way was to layer them, and it was the safe way and easily carried out. The haste to multiply them quickly leads to the use of stocks, and we are none the better for it. That may be disputed, but there can be no doubt about the enormous number of failures and deaths that arise among the plants. I have planted a great number and suffered like other people, but in some way success came in the end, and a good many kinds grace the garden from April, the Clematis alpina to the beautiful Mme. Baronne Veillard, which closes up the autumnal season so well. Naturally, the plants are cope plants so far as we know them in Europe—that is to say, they grow through other shrubs, and therefore are shaded up to a great part of their length—and it is just possible that the full exposure of the garden may sometimes cause in sunny weather the dying off which we see. In any case, I have had great success in growing them on low trees and bushes, and the abundant grace they show in that way, arranging themselves among the branchlets, is beyond anything a gardener could do by staking or tying. Death or disfigurement may sometimes come through disease, or mildew, to which they are rather liable; but oftentimes plants which seemed stricken came up again from the bottom.

The best results I have ever had were from plants on their own roots, some of which bore thousands of flowers, and best of all perhaps one called Perle d'Azur; and constant successes have been with the neglected smaller kinds, which are quite as graceful as any others. The white Viticella, for example, will run up flowering trees and give beautiful effects in that way. And so with the claret-coloured one (rubra), which is quite charming. I have had it for many years without its dying; it gives a good effect every year. Most of the smaller kinds are very interesting and beautiful, such as crispa and campana-flora, also the scarlet Clematis (coccinea), so charming in its foliage and flower, especially near stonework. That is always raised from seed, and I have never noticed any deaths of it. The nature of these plants is vigorous; for instance, the



A COACH GUARD'S WATCH

modes of travelling cannot compare with the old mail-coach system in grandeur and power," wrote:

Ah! the good days of coaching are past like a dream
And we, the "Crack Dragsmen," are victims to steam;
There are many good fellows have cause to bewail
The old line of Road and the new line of Rail.

A. M. BROADLEY.

IN THE GARDEN.

CLEMATISES DYING OFF.

IN COUNTRY LIFE of November 5th Mr. Lewis raises this question, and as he refers to me, I should like to state what I know of the matter, and the interest of the subject is very great. No plants ever sung by the poets are so graceful in habit and beautiful in colour as the Clematis.

Millions of them have been sent out by nurserymen, and yet in many places one may scarcely see more than two or three poor plants. Naturally, a reason is sought to account for the fact that what might be the most charming ornament of our flower gardens is so seldom seen with a tithe of the beauty which it might display. Mr. Lewis raises the question of grafting, and he says he has not found any trace of the graft giving way; but that is not the whole question—it is the influence of the stock we have to think of. For example, some nurserymen graft on the common native Vitalba, a very vigorous-growing climber, and to put a Japanese or a Chinese sort on this may lead to injury at different



"TAGLIONI" COACH (1837) STILL USED BY CAPTAIN SPICER.

Mountain Clematis of India and the new tangutica are strong, vigorous climbing shrubs. The others of the family seem vigorous when grown in natural conditions. The forms of the European Clematis should interest us very much, because they have the natural hardiness and vigour of the parent kind, which with me sows itself naturally among hedgerows and shrubs. I believe the forms and hybrids of *Viticella* raised by M. Morel of Lyons are good and useful garden plants, and less liable to disease than the larger kinds. I have grown every good kind I could get, and in spite of all accidents have got a very good result. The new red form of the Indian Clematis seems to me a distinct plant and a very charming one for climbing pillars and posts, and it does not seem in the least affected by disease.

In a letter to COUNTRY LIFE of November 12th, "F. W. H." advises mixing the soil with a large proportion of old mortar, slaked lime, or chalk. Clematises may thrive in such conditions, but they are not essential. I have various types, from the vigorous Indian and Central Asian climbers to the fragile ones like *C. crissa* and the scarlet Clematis, and there is no trace of lime in the soil. Good sandy loam is sufficient, or if anything is added it should be plenty of sharp sand. He mentions the common wild Clematis on which "the various garden forms are usually grafted"—a great misfortune, too, because it is almost a forest climber. A practice I have followed lately may be interesting to others, and that is, when a batch of plants comes from a nursery of well-grown plants, there are two wig-like masses of roots, one at the bottom, which is that of the stock, and one at the top, which is that of the grafted subject. The lower roots I cut off so as to prevent any influence from that source.

W. ROBINSON.

A JASMINE FOR THE GREENHOUSE.

WHEN *Jasminum primulinum* was first introduced to this country some eight or ten years ago from Central China, it was anticipated that it would prove hardy in our gardens; but, unfortunately, this hope has not been realised. In the favoured South-Western Counties it can, I believe, be grown outside if given the protection of a wall facing south or south-west; but even in such a sheltered

position in the London district it fails to survive severe and prolonged frosts. However, it is an excellent plant for quite a cool greenhouse where frost can just be kept from it. An ideal position is to train it to the back wall of a lean-to house, or it may be used for clothing pillars. If grown in a large pot, and the shoots coiled round five or six stakes that have been thrust firmly into the soil, it will make a beautiful bushy specimen, and the bending of the stems appears to induce them to flower more freely. Early spring is its blossoming period, when its semi-double, rich yellow flowers are produced in fair quantity and provide a pleasing and distinct contrast to the bright green stems and foliage, reminding one very much of the hardy winter Jasmine, except that the blossoms are larger. When trained to a wall or pillar it is best planted in a prepared station, and not confined to a pot, good loam mixed with some coarse sand and a little well-decayed manure suiting it admirably. During the summer months it ought to be given as much air as possible, so as thoroughly to ripen the young shoots that are to flower early another spring, and pot plants may with advantage be plunged in ashes out of doors.

THE PERUVIAN LILIES.

Although the *Alstroemerias*, or Peruvian Lilies, cannot be regarded as the brightest flowers that find a home in the herbaceous border, a few, at least, ought to be grown, as their curiously shaped and unique coloured blossoms are of more than passing interest. They are thick, fleshy-rooted plants, and, although not particularly easy to grow in some gardens, may be induced to thrive in others with but little trouble. Their one essential requirement is thorough drainage, and if the soil has a preponderance of clay, some sharp sand should be placed under and round the roots at planting-time. The best month for planting is October; but the work may be successfully carried out during open weather from then until early February, but the earlier in the period named the better. Shallow planting is a frequent source of failure in the cultivation of these plants; the roots ought to be placed at least nine inches below the surface, and if very sandy a covering of twelve inches will not be too much. During the summer months a mulching of short, well-decayed manure placed round the stems will be of considerable benefit, and will do much towards increasing the size and bringing out the best colours of the flowers. The best and most easily grown of the hardy *Alstroemerias* is *A. aurantiaca*. It grows about three feet high, and bears its orange blossoms in umbels at the tops of the stems. The petals are usually curiously streaked with crimson. *A. chilensis* does not usually grow more than two feet high, and although the flowers are generally deep red in colour, they are most variable. *A. versicolor* has pale yellow flowers veined with purple, and although it appears to be hardy enough, it does not usually flower as freely as the two others named. It is necessary when putting stakes to these plants in summer to thrust them into the soil well away from the stems, otherwise serious injury is likely to be done to the clusters of fleshy roots.

H.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

LORD ROSEBERY has never displayed his ability to more advantage than in his study of *Chatham: His Early Life and Connections* (A. L. Humphreys). The older Pitt, like Shakespeare and one or two of the other great men, left little behind him of an intimate personal nature, and in the eighteenth century, more than at almost any other time in history, public men appeared only under a mask. It is easier to call up the figures that moved in the reign of Elizabeth than those who filled prominent places in the reign of George II. Even letters afford very little clue to personal characteristics. It was an age of formality and convention, and letter-writers were far from showing themselves with the frankness that is fashionable to-day. As Lord Rosebery puts it, it is impossible now to realise what he was "without his wig and bag, and sword, in his dressing-gown and slippers, with a friend, a novel or a pipe." He goes on to say that Chatham, if it had served his purpose, would have appeared in dressing-gown and slippers, "but the array would have been as solemn and artificial as the robes of a cardinal." Given the same reasons he would have smoked a pipe, but "it would have been the jewelled nargileh of the Grand Mogul." The great and proud statesman lived entirely within himself; he does not seem to have taken either his wife or his son into his confidence, and the satellites by whom he was surrounded knew nothing of him beyond what was formal and superficial. It is so, indeed, with statesmen at all times. They must calculate their actions and their appearances and their words, while those who report their sayings can seldom be trusted. Just as those who flatter kings mislead history generally for several generations, so the Tapers and Tadpoles of party are accustomed to glorify their chief and vilify his arch-opponent in a way that simply darkens counsel. We know how difficult it is to form a true and sober estimate of men who have lived in our own time—Disraeli and Gladstone, Bright and the late Duke of Devonshire. The general lines are there, but the features are still contorted by witnesses who could not free themselves from the prejudices of the party to which they belonged. In the eighteenth century, too, the Post Office never seems to have been a trustworthy guardian of secrets. When Chatham had anything of importance to communicate in his early life, he frequently resorted to French, so as to puzzle the Paul Prys of the Post Office, and over and over again we are told that he curbed his frankness because the letters had to go

through the post. Lord Rosebery arrived at the conclusion that the task he had set himself to perform was an impossible one. He says:

Occasionally there is a legend, a tradition, or an anecdote, but Chatham seems to have cut off all vestiges of his real self as completely as a successful fugitive from justice. And so posterity sees nothing but the stern effigy representing what he wished, or permitted, or authorised to be seen. This is not enough or nearly enough, but it must now be certain that there will never be much more. . . . Light on the subsequent years of self-repression would be so guarded and shaded that we should scarce obtain a glimpse of the true man. Indeed, by his careful disguise, Chatham has made himself a prehistoric or rather a prebiographical figure, a man of the fifteenth century or earlier. We know what was around him, the scene on which he played, the other actors in the great drama, and we recognise himself on the stage; but away from the footlights he remains in darkness.

In spite of this, Lord Rosebery has won a greater success than he thinks. Not a jot of evidence has been passed over, and not an inkling of character has been given of which he does not make the most. In the result we see the figure of the great statesman built up piece by piece in the book till he looms one of the sternest and the grandest in the gallery of English history. The political world has at all times been extremely barren of heroes. Great men with great intellects it has produced in abundance, but the shifting and changing inseparable from the game seem to have put insuperable obstacles in the development of the highest qualities. Chatham and his son occupy a position almost alone, and this is the greater honour to them because the political world of the time of George II. was fuller of intrigue than it is to-day. In those times, perhaps in all times, England, to use the historical phrase of the author of the book, "muddled through."

Lord Rosebery would not have been true to his nationality if he had not begun his story with the historical "ell of pedigree," but it is sufficient for our purpose to note that Pitt inherited from his ancestors a grasp of detail which his grandfather exercised in amassing a fortune in India, a tempestuousness of temper and an irritability which were partly the result of ill health, and partly of his singular genius. The early chapters of the volume are the most interesting, because they deal with a part of the subject not so well known as the politics associated with Pitt's name. William Pitt was born in the parish of St. James's, London, on November 15th, 1708. He was the second son of Robert Pitt, the eldest son of Governor Pitt. That he must have very early given evidence of his genius seems evident from the attention paid him by the "shrewd old

manabob" who could never be accused of praising his relatives unduly. He was sent to school at Eton, where he had as school-fellows Henry Fox, George Lyttelton, Charles Pratt, Hanbury Williams and Fielding. It is usual to appraise the influence of Eton of that day. Pitt is credited with saying "he had scarcely ever observed a boy that was not cowed for life at Eton." If this statement sounds pessimistic, it must be remembered that he was already a sufferer from gout, and his want of health kept him away from the usual pleasures of youth. Lord Rosebery gives a fine, hard and clear sketch of him when he says:

It is not usually profitable to imagine pictures of the past, but it may not be amiss to evoke, in passing, the shadow of the lean, saturnine boy as he limped by the Thames, shaping a career, or pondering on life and destiny, dreaming of greatness where so many have dreamed, while he watched, half enviously, half scornfully, the sports in which he might not join. He is not the first, and will not be the last, to find his school a salutary school of adversity. He looked back to it with no gratitude. But Eton claims him for her own; and long generations of reluctant students have whiled away the reputed hours of learning or examination by gazing at his bust in Upper School, and dreamily conjecturing why so great a glamour still hangs about his name.

He left Eton for Oxford, and was probably destined for the Church; but the gout attacked him with such violence that he had to leave before taking his degree, and ultimately became a "cornet of horse." We are sorry to pass so slightly over his college career, because some interesting particulars have been collected that throw a curious light on college life in the eighteenth century. Before settling down to his profession he proceeded to Utrecht to complete his education. We have a number of letters to his mother which carry with them a pleasant atmosphere of youth and high spirits. The most attractive letters of the volume are those he addressed to his favourite sister, Ann, when he was twenty-two. We quote one of them:

After neglecting my Dear Girl so many Posts In the joys of London, I should be deservedly Punished by the Loss of your correspondence now I very much stand in need of it: I am come from an agreeable set of acquaintance in Town to a Place, where the wings of Gallantry must Be terribly clip'd, and can hope to soar No higher than to Dolly, who young at the Bar is just Learning to score—what must I do? my head is not settled enough to study; nor my heart light enough to find amusement In doing nothing. I have in short no resource But flying to the conversation of my distant Freinds and supplying the Loss of the jolis entretiens I have left behind by telling my greifs and hearing myself pity'd. I shall every Post go near to waft a sigh from Quarters to the Bath, which you shall rally me very prettily upon, suppose me in Love, laugh at my cruel fate a little, then bid me hope for a Fair wind and better weather. I entreat you Be very trifling and badine, send me witty letters or I must cheer my heart at the expense of my Head and get drunk with bad Port To kill time. My sister is by this time with You and I hope the Girls: my Love to her and bid her send away her husband and drink away. My spirits flag, et je n'en puis plus, adieu.

The others, grave and gay, would have been readable coming from anyone, and are most illuminative of Chatham's personality. From Northton he writes:

I come from two hours muzzy conversation To a house full of swearing Butchers and Drunken Butter women, and in short all the blessings of a market day: In such a situation what can the wit of man suggest to him? Oh for the restless Tongue of Dear little Jug! She never knows the painful state of Silence In the midst of uproar:

When Ann was appointed a Maid of Honour he writes to her in French, "probably from fear of the Post Office." Lord Rosebery describes this correspondence as "the gay and engaging eclogue of two young hearts," and many will agree with Camelford that his letters to Ann are written with the passion of a lover rather than that of a brother. It was a friendship doomed to many vicissitudes. The brother and sister kept up a long correspondence, they kept house together, they quarrelled and were scarcely on speaking terms, and yet the evidence goes to show that the love of little Jug, or little Nan, as he used to call her, for her brother was the strongest feeling she had in life. She lost her reason at the news of his death; and Pitt himself, in spite of the sarcasm and apparent scorn which her conduct once or twice developed, nevertheless, at the bottom of his heart, probably loved and trusted her as he did no one else. Their quarrelling could be easily misunderstood and misrepresented by outsiders, because it came from two people who at the bottom thoroughly understood one another, and who could have come to a complete reconciliation at any moment. We are thankful for the correspondence, because it is most useful in giving an insight into the genuine qualities of William Pitt. His correspondence with the prominent politicians of his time, no less than his public acts, show little of his inner self, even though collectively they show him to have been the most disinterested as he was the most capable and the most patriotic statesman who ever played the part of helmsman and chief to England.

OFFICIAL AND UNOFFICIAL.

Letters of the English Seamen, edited by E. Haulam Moorhouse. (Chapman and Hall.)

WITHIN the limitations which he has decided to impose upon himself the editor of this collection of letters may be congratulated upon his selections. Ranging from Drake to Nelson, he presents us in handy form with characteristic letters penned by all the most famous British admirals and captains, and with a few by

junior officers who took part in memorable battles. The scheme of Mr. Moorhouse has been to select letters dealing with descriptions of notable sea fights or preparations for expected actions, and the broad effect of this method is not wholly satisfactory, although we must not quarrel with him for leaving out the famous merchant captains and explorers. His plan has the advantage of producing in a single volume scores of widely scattered and typical letters, many of which are unknown to the general reader, and even to students of history. On the other hand, nearly half the volume is devoted to Lord Nelson's correspondence, and Nelson's letters are already to be found in most libraries. To assume general ignorance of the correspondence of the national hero is somewhat to under-rate the culture of the average Briton. But Mr. Moorhouse has discovered one hitherto unpublished letter of Lord Nelson's, for which due gratitude will be felt. This letter, written a fortnight before Trafalgar, is reproduced in fac-simile. Memorable phrases are to be found in some of these letters, especially in those of Drake, Blake, Collingwood and Nelson; yet, as some will consider, the sayings attributed to the famous admirals are more strikingly characteristic than their correspondence. Alluding to the invasion scare of his day, St. Vincent remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, "I don't say the French can't come; I only say they can't come by sea." That saying illustrates grim old St. Vincent even better than his letters. Or, again, the well-known saying of Blake's: "It is not for us to meddle in affairs of State, but to keep foreigners from fooling us." Yet it remains true, as Mr. Moorhouse claims, that most of our great admirals have written forcibly, and that in their unofficial correspondence, especially, we obtain glimpses of the men themselves. The volume includes sixteen illustrations reproduced from old prints.

ENGLISHMEN.

Mrs. Fitz, by J. C. Snaith. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

IN the English race the romantic love of adventure is indestructible. The years do not rob us of it, though they sometimes oblige us to be a little uncertain as to whether we ought not to be ashamed of it! But the school of the Ruritania novel is to-day's response to that ingrained English characteristic; and the response is as peculiarly and pre-eminently English as the demand—as those can testify who know Continental literature, wherein such a thing does not exist. *Mrs. Fitz* is an exceedingly good specimen of the school. It has all its charm and all its indefinable "Englishness," if we may coin a word; it has that intimate and skilled character drawing which gives such a zest to almost impossible adventures when they are performed by perfectly possible people. It has that vivid perception of the value of contrast, and the power of rendering it, which is essential to the adventure story of "grown-ups." Down into the heart of an English hunting country of the very best type, where the county hunts and not the crowd, there descends the Crown Princess of Illyria, who has run away from Illyria to marry an Englishman. There you have the whole thing. Nobody knows she is a Crown Princess. They think she is "Mrs. Fitz"; and the great ladies of the Hunt are thrown into a ferment by her behaviour, perfectly natural in a Crown Princess, but bewildering in a "Mrs. Fitz." The humour of the situation is irresistible; but it is not long before tragedy steps in too. The genial M.P. who tells the tale, the County Constable himself, the squire, lords, M.F.H.'s—all the simple romantic, courageous Englishmen of the little coterie, are drawn into the defence of the Crown Princess; first against her father, and then, when she submits to him for the sake of her people, against those people themselves. Humour and tragedy hold the stage together thenceforth, after the fashion of the Ruritania school. The old King is a tragic and notable figure, struggling to hold his kingdom against the Socialists. Indeed, every figure in the story is notable, especially Fitz, to whom, with real skill, is given just that touch of un-English strangeness and eccentricity which makes the un-English romance of his life possible. We read this story with delight—we laid it down with a sigh of pride. "Have you never realised," said Rhodes, "that you might have been a Chinaman or a Hottentot? I always think of that when I am bothered, and it carries me through all my troubles—I am an Englishman."

A REAL SITUATION.

The Devil and the Deep Sea, by Rhoda Broughton. (Macmillan and Co.) MISS BROUGHTON'S long-practised skill has certainly not deserted her in her latest essay. It has an oddness and a directness that raise it above her usual level. It is slight, but it is nevertheless a clear conception, with definite characters and a real "situation." It is also entirely without sentimentality, and it is full of humour. Two people, one of whom has been disgraced by her connections and the other of whom has disgraced himself, meet in an hotel. The man is recovering from a terrible accident; the woman, a lady and charming, is wandering on the Continent till her father shall come out of prison. Neither knows anything about the other. The man lies, consistently and steadily, as to his past life; the woman keeps her sorrowful secret. They fall in love with each other; but a friend of some other people in the hotel, people who are very cleverly and amusingly drawn, has known the man, and knows all about him, and he is obliged to tell the truth.

A STAGE EFFECT.

Wind Along the Waste, by Maude Annesley. (Methuen.)

THE first words of this novel are "Hideous, hideous, hideous," and we can only say that we are impelled to echo them! It opens with a nerve-storm and ends with a suicide. It is not written from the inside. The story and its events do not grow from the characters, as they should do. It is written from the outside, i.e., Miss Annesley got the idea of the story and its events first and then worked out puppets to fit it. The result is a melodrama at which one can only smile. A close psychological study of degenerates and criminals might have retrieved this book; or the keenest and most unerring realism; or a profound and unique knowledge of an unknown under-world. These things retrieved the tales of horror of the great French writers. They are the things that alone justify the use of horrors, and even then they only partially do so. But they are not here at all. Paris is not here.

THE WORLD v. JOHN WINTERBOURNE.

John Winterbourne's Family, by Alice Brown. (Constable.)

THE first eight chapters of this American book are delightful, and the first three of those eight are more than delightful. The description of John Winterbourne's easy bachelor life with Lovell and Hunt is as good as anything this writer has done; and it is difficult to help feeling that when the three women come into Winterbourne's blissful existence and spoil it their entry spoils the book too. Yet, of course, if they had not come—modern finished Catherine,

the wistful wife of Winterbourne, and Celia, her adopted daughter, ruined by artificiality, and Bess Hartwell, the recently-discovered sister—who will remain Bess Hartwell in spite of all their efforts to turn her into Lillian Winterbourne, if they had not come there would have been no book at all. It is a study of simplicity v. artificiality—Winterbourne and Bess v. Catherine and Celia—and simplicity wins all along the line. Simplicity is just a little too conscious in some scenes, perhaps, as in the one where the men and girls spontaneously dance together on the beach; and the first half of the book, for this reason, is the best. The "working out" of the moral is thus not so obvious, and the insistence on it not too unveiled. But it is an exceedingly interesting story, and the gradual stripping of those who had "spun themselves about with the webs" of modern life is a humorous and touching thing to watch.

A NEW HUNTING MONTHLY.

The Foxhound, edited by Major H. de M. Leathes; monthly. (London: The Biographical Press, 12, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.)

SOME time ago two Masters of Hounds and a friend were discussing the always interesting questions of foxhounds, their management and their pedigrees. One of the Masters expressed a wish that a periodical could be established dealing with the foxhound, giving month by month such particulars about foxhound-breeding as, for example, a list of the successful sires of the season, notes on the entries in various kennels and instances of the working qualities of hounds of different families. It was agreed that such a publication would be valuable to Masters, huntsmen and those people who take an interest in hounds and their work. And such information might be of value to all breeders of stock, as helping to solve the problems of heredity. I have always held that, owing to the mass of data and its accuracy, the foxhound kennel offers the best prospect of the solution of some of the scientific problems of breeding. Major Leathes, in the new publication, is making an effort to cover this ground and to collect and focus the information, which is at present so scattered as to lose half its value to the hound-breeder and to the scientific man alike. The editor begins boldly by stating a question which must have suggested itself to all interested in foxhound-breeding—Is the established type of foxhounds, the most notable examples

of which are the Peterborough winners, suitable universally for all sorts and conditions of fox-hunting? And it is quite time that this question was asked and an answer found, for the fashion in breeding confines us practically to a small number of favourite lines of blood. Inbreeding tends to fix the type, and we are within measurable distance of having to hunt all foxhound countries with hounds of the same type. Major Leathes takes the heavy bone and cat feet of the modern hound, and endeavours to show that they are unsuitable for certain rugged and hilly countries. He also considers that the modern foxhound is losing stoutness of constitution. It will be seen that he has raised some interesting problems; whether he has discovered the solution is a question only to be solved after much discussion. It is impossible to say offhand whether Major Leathes's views on the comparative value of the Peterborough and other types are correct. It is possible to point out enough hilly countries where carefully-bred hounds of fashionable type are working well. In any case, hunting people must give a warm welcome to the *Foxhound*. It has a wealth of practical facts and illustrations and maps, and whether we agree with the views of the editor or not, his researches cannot but be of the greatest value and interest to hunting people. The pages of the magazine are to be thrown open to the discussion of topics interesting to hunting people. The *Foxhound* is intended to be a monthly publication, and the editor is assisted by an advisory committee, which includes such names as those of the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. E. P. Rawnsley, Mr. Edward Currie and W. Dale, at one time huntsman to the Brocklesby, and now with the Duke of Beaufort. The *Foxhound*, judging by its first number, is well worthy of the support of all hunting people.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

The Toll of the Arctic Seas, by Deltus M. Edwards. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall.)

A Vagabond in the Caucasus, with Some Notes of His Experiences Among the Russians, by Stephen Graham. Illustrated. (John Lane.)

Norwich: A Social Study, by C. B. Hawkins. (Lee Warner.)

None Other Gods, by R. H. Benson. (Hutchinson.)

[SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 22*.]

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE PRICE OF GOLF BALLS.

WE pointed out a fortnight ago that the price of rubber is now little more than half what it was at the time when the extra sixpence was added to the price of golf balls, and we stated that retention of this extra sixpence seemed to us a monstrous imposition. Since then, deeming that it would be of great interest to know what a golf ball is made of, and more especially how much of it is made of rubber, we have had two balls analysed by Mr. F. J. Lloyd, the well-known analyst. The two balls submitted to him, which he calls A and B, were specimens of two of the very best-known brands upon the market, both of which cost half-a-crown. Here are Mr. Lloyd's letter and his analysis:

SIR,—I have made a preliminary examination of the two golf balls. I shall call the first A and the second B. A had a specific gravity slightly less than water, and floated; B was much heavier, and sunk. Upon opening the ball carefully I discovered that it was a most elaborately manufactured article. The outside consists of a layer of india-rubber about 1m.m. in thickness, which had been cemented together probably by the cement, which forms a very thin, white external coating. Inside this is another layer of india-rubber, which consists of a dark-coloured rubber in strips about a sixteenth of an inch wide, which has been wound over the interior ball. Upon removing this another layer of india-rubber, lighter in colour, and consisting of a band of about half an inch wide, is discovered, and upon removing this one comes down to a hard ball of india-rubber, which, upon further examination, is found to consist of layers of rubber so tightly wound one over the other as to be almost compressed into a solid mass. Upon gradually removing this also one comes upon an india-rubber sac tied with string at both ends and containing a thick, slimy liquid, which is not the same in both balls, and which I have not yet had time to examine carefully. I enclose the weights of the various layers in the two balls. You will see that it is practically impossible to make, in the ordinary sense, an analysis of these balls. The figures which I send you are approximately the amount of india-rubber and the amount of the internal liquid portion.—FREDK. J. LLOYD.

CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS.

The sample contains the following constituents:

	A.	B.
Weight of ball	40.6 grams	45.9 grams
Volume of ball	39.5 c.c.	40.5 c.c.
Composition of ball—		
Cemental outer layer ..	9.6 ..	10.6
Dark rubber binding 1-16in. ..	6.8 ..	7.1
Light rubber binding 1/4in. ..	7.3 ..	7.2
Ball of sheet rubber ..	4.6 ..	4.5
Sac containing liquid ..	1.6 ..	1.8
Viscous liquid	10.7 ..	14.7
	40.6	45.9

Both letter and analysis are exceedingly interesting, the former as giving a short and clear description of the ball's internal economy, the latter as affording a basis for calculation

of the value of the rubber used in each ball. This calculation, made roughly, but with quite sufficient accuracy to point the moral, appears to show that in ball A there is just over fourpence three-farthings' worth of rubber, while in B there is five pennyworth less an infinitesimal fraction, the price of rubber in each case being taken at six shillings a pound, which was the market price of "fine hard Para" at the date of the publication of our article.

Take five pence from thirty pence and twenty-five remain; something more, as we should imagine, than a reasonable margin of profit, after making every possible allowance for the cost of manufacture. Everybody knows, of course, that golf balls are made with rubber-thread, which is a manufactured article, but the price of the manufactured article must depend on the price of the raw material. We are told that the manufacturers have certain existing contracts for the purchase of rubber-thread at a high price, but that does not concern the golfer. *A propos* of contracts, it would be interesting to know if, at the time the extra sixpence was put on, the manufacturers had any existing contracts based on the normal price of rubber. We publish this week letters from several very well-known golfers, who entirely agree with us that the present price is wholly unjustified. Last week we published a letter from one who admitted to using three hundred and sixty-five golf balls a year and made an eminently practical suggestion. He proposed that golf clubs should combine to defend their members against extortion by giving notice to the manufacturers that they would forbid the sale on club premises of any ball costing more than two shillings. This would be a strong measure, but not a bit too strong under the circumstances. Nor do we believe such a campaign would be as difficult to conduct as might at first sight appear. All golfers are really in agreement over this matter, and the fire of their indignation is quite ready to break out; all that is needed is that someone should apply the torch. If only one or two leading clubs would give a lead, thus showing that this taboo of exorbitantly priced balls is within the domain of practical politics, hundreds of clubs would follow their example with alacrity. Each individual golfer can, of course, do much by himself rigidly abstaining from playing with any golf ball that costs more than two shillings; but concerted action on the part of the clubs would do infinitely more. We therefore invite the leading golf clubs to take up our suggestion and to prove to the makers that they are in earnest. They have not only the right to demand, but the power to demand effectively, that they shall pay no more than a reasonable price for their golf balls.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—We in Oxford are as children in matters of finance. Mr. Cecil Rhodes said so in his last will and testament. But we, no more than other folk, like to be overcharged for the necessities of life. Therefore, I ask you, Sir, to carry your beneficent intentions to their complete fulfilment. Hammer

away! Get the matter taken up. Call a meeting, organise a monster petition, present it to the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the President of the Board of Trade. If the worst comes to the worst, let us strike, for a strictly limited period, not at golf balls, but against the tyranny of their makers. I may, perhaps, be allowed to add an argument, based on my own experience, which shall strengthen the case against the manufacturers. When I last purchased a new ball—it was since the rise in price—I bought, on the recommendation of a friend, one of a brand unknown to me. A few days ago, having no further use for it, I cut it open. The thing exploded when the knife had got through about half the rubber filaments, and bespattered the furniture of my sitting-room with a semi-liquid and wholly unpleasant substance. I gave the residue left in the dissected ball to a scientific colleague, who diagnosed a mixture which could be manufactured for next to nothing. It is intolerable that I should pay an enhanced price, on the ground that rubber has gone up in price, for an article which contains a cheap, though efficient, substitute for rubber.—M. A., Oxon.

SIR,—Golfers generally owe you thanks for drawing attention to the price charged by some makers for golf balls. When the price was raised to two shillings and sixpence per ball the manufacturers excused the rise on the price of rubber. To-day rubber has fallen to a more normal price, and such a rise as sixpence per ball is no longer justified. Golfers should take this matter up by asking their agents (professional golfers or otherwise) to expostulate with the manufacturers. If the latter are obdurate, those of them who still sell at two shillings per ball will be likely to reap a substantial benefit.—W. HERBERT FOWLER.

SIR,—I wish emphatically to endorse all that you say in a recent article in COUNTRY LIFE with regard to the present price of golf balls. When the price of raw material went up to some twelve shillings a pound, the general public realised that there was at least some justification for the increase in the price, and there was no serious complaint at the action of the manufacturers, particularly as the action was confined to one or two of the best-known firms, and it was still possible to buy good balls at the old price of two shillings. Now, as our American friends say, "it is up" to the manufacturers either to reduce the price of the ball to the old standard price of two shillings or supply some just and adequate reason why they should not do so. On their own evidence the price was only put up on account of the increased cost of the raw material. Now the raw material is back again at its old value; and if they could afford to make and sell golf balls a year ago at two shillings apiece, they can afford to do so now. If the greater majority of golfers would make up their minds to use only the balls which cost two shillings apiece, the half-crown manufacturer would soon find that the shoe pinched them somewhat badly. Men who have to play on inland courses all through the winter would find that it makes but little difference what kind of ball they use in the season of mud and slush, as it is mainly a question of being able to hit the ball truly, and the roll of the ball, the main feature in the long driving balls, is of little value on inland courses from November to March. If golfers would only realise this fact, there is plenty of time during the winter months to knock the bottom out of the half-crown ball argument by the simple method of gradual financial starvation.—HAROLD H. HILTON.

SIR,—Re the cost of golf balls, I am simply a player, and make my own balls for myself only. I will give you the cost to me. I buy my strip and gutta-percha in sheets, and make the entire ball myself. A golf ball weighs usually one ounce and three drams (there are eight drams to an ounce). The best rubber strip costs me 14s. 2d. per pound, the best gutta-percha 15s. 6d. per pound. I naturally buy in small quantities, about three or four pounds at a time. I buy from wholesale firms who manufacture the article, and, no doubt, pay considerably more than large manufacturers of balls; still, I should say they pay over 1s. for the material. The strip and gutta-percha for one ball cost me 1s. 4d., then add cost of winding the core, the cost of making the cover, painting with two coats of enamel. I reckon a ball costs me 1s. 8d. to make, and I should

be very sorry to take an order at one gross for that price. A wholesale maker will probably make a ball complete for 1s. 3d., then there are the 6d. to the retail dealer, working expenses, advertising, etc.; so we will say the manufacturer gets 6d. on each 2s. 6d. ball. I do not profess that these figures are correct, but they are my estimate. Wholesale businesses cannot be run for nothing; say, roughly, twenty-five per cent. over the cost of the article.—P. CAPERN.

[We admire the energy of our correspondent who is willing to spend 1s. 8d., making no allowance for his time and trouble, upon personally constructing a ball, when he could buy one, made by the most perfect machinery, for 2s. We cannot help thinking that he somewhat under-estimates the profits of the manufacturers.—ED.]

The Golf Courses of the British Isles, by Bernard Darwin. Illustrated by Harry Rountree. (Published by Duckworth and Co.)

IT is extraordinarily difficult to interest a golfer in the description of a course which he has never seen. He will read about the holes at which he habitually plays, just to see whether the writer has been able to detect their merits and defects as he himself knows them. But ask him to place himself in imagination on a tee where he has never stood in the flesh; tell him that a reasonably good drive will carry a ridge about a hundred yards in front of it; that thence a brassie shot should find the green, or put the ball so close to it as to give its owner a chance of beating Bogey, who, of course, takes five to hole out; and he will tell you to go there, or somewhere else, yourself. But a man can follow Mr. Darwin round a strange course with pleasure, and part from him with some information in his mind. Mr. Darwin has, in fact, come near to achieving the impossible. His success is due to power of self-revelation. One sees the man himself playing the shots which he tells us we shall be asked to attempt when we go where he has gone. Let us reconstruct him from his book. First and foremost he is a golfer to his finger-tips. For him there is no golf so bad as to be unworthy of the playing. He mentions in his list of courses the local names of the mud-heaps where the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge learn control of temper, but only to dwell with reminiscent pleasure on the fun he has enjoyed on all of them. Then he is a man of independent mind, who takes his opinions from no one. He will contradict even Mr. Low and Mr. Hutchinson when he considers them in error. At various times golfers have divided themselves into parties, each with its peculiar shibboleth. The popularity of the late Mr. F. G. Tait and his remarkable skill with all clubs brought him a large following when he headed a school of thought. He enunciated the dicta that all golf not played at St. Andrews was but a substitute for the real thing, and that Sandwich was no more than a "good one-shot course." The glamour of that memorable name has no influence on Mr. Darwin. True, he writes of St. Andrews with all the respectful appreciation which the most exacting Fifer could demand. But he also considers Sandwich one of the pleasantest greens to golf on, and gives good reasons for his choice. Again, during the last few years the latest championship course, Deal, has been the subject of high, occasionally extravagant, praise. Especial stress has been laid on the transcendent merits of the last four holes. Mr. Darwin trusts his own judgment, and his record justifies us in sharing his confidence; he finds that good luck is almost as necessary as skill for the successful playing of them. He says so, and this reviewer agrees heartily with his opinion. Finally, he is intensely practical. He has no use for the new science of course construction unless it produces good holes. And for him good holes are those which he finds it interesting and exhilarating to play. He admits no other test. The yard measure may go hang on its peg for all he cares. This is common-sense. When we find a book is informed by these qualities, and is also distinguished by raciness and picturesqueness of phrase, it is eminently readable, whatever its subject. Mr. Rountree's illustrations are highly original. In fact, in the frontispiece he has been so careful to avoid all hackneyed views of St. Andrews that it is not easy to recognise the part of the links depicted. That picture is, perhaps, his only failure. The others not merely reproduce faithfully familiar scenes, but in many cases suggest with a skill almost uncanny the sort of shots we are likely to play there.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEST OF HAIRPINS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to tell you a curious story about bird-life. It shows how a city bird proves resourceful. On a narrow balcony overlooking one of the busy thoroughfares in Berlin, a pair of pigeons built their nest, and what do you think they used as building material? You may find it incredible, but, nevertheless, it is a fact. Hairpins, picked up in the streets! They had carried hundreds of them, and a most extraordinary nest it looked when completed. It may interest readers of COUNTRY LIFE. It is the first case I ever knew.—K. F. BEHREND, Silesia.

SPARROWS AND SWALLOWS' NESTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you tell me what can be done to prevent sparrows taking possession of swallows' nests under the eaves of a house? The swallows built the spring after the house—a new one—was inhabited. There were no sparrows about the place until the swallows left, when the sparrows appeared and, with great chattering, took possession of the nests. I am afraid of the swallows not returning next year.—E. F. C. K.

[The best thing to do would be to knock the nests down. Now that the sparrows have taken possession of them, the original owners (who, by the way, are house-martins, not swallows) stand a very poor chance of establishing themselves again. If the nests are knocked down, they will probably build near by; but if the old nests are still there and inhabited by sparrows, the martins are certain to be driven away.—ED.]

INTERNATIONAL HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION, 1912.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We agree entirely with what you say in the leading article in COUNTRY LIFE of October 29th about the date proposed for the International Horticultural Exhibition, 1912. We think the third week of May a most unsuitable time, and we cannot understand it being chosen. There cannot possibly be any reason of sufficient importance for fixing it then rather than a few weeks later. When the proposal

for the exhibition was made, we made a protest as regards the date, but very little notice was taken of it, although we feel sure that if the Council of Management were to take the vote of the general public interested in horticulture, it would be adverse to the proposed date being selected. It seems unfair that the interests of horticulture in general should be subordinated to other considerations. The protest we made at the time took the following form: "We understand that the proposal is, that the International Horticultural Exhibition in 1912 shall take place in the month of May. In the interests of a great many plants, and of those engaged in their cultivation, we would like to suggest that the time has come when a big show should take place in the month of June. This is the culminating point of the year for a very large class of plants. We have had Temple Shows in May for a long time, and Holland House Shows in July, so that the kinds of plants which are at their best in those months cannot plead that they have been neglected. On the one hand, the Temple Show is always two or three weeks too early for even a minority of border plants unless they are advanced under artificial conditions; in July many good families of herbaceous plants are over. After all, it is the hardy garden that gives so much pleasure in England, and it should be encouraged more than, instead of less than, the 'Orchid House,' 'stove' and the other costly arks of refuge for tender exotics. Wealthy possessors of gardens under glass, and those who especially cater for them, will, perhaps, desire the earlier date. Consideration is, however, due to others also, and to those who form the great majority of English flower-lovers, and we hope that our suggestion will be thought reasonable and receive support. It has been stated that June is too late for the London season, but this is untrue; even the date of the Holland Park Show is not too late, as has been proved by the attendances." For ourselves, the date selected has shorn the proposal of a great part of its interest.—KELWAY AND SON, The Royal Seed and Plant Establishment, Langport, Somerset.

A SACRILEGIOUS FOX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On Thursday last the Cheshire Hounds met at the Wheat Sheaf, Over. A curious incident occurred in connection with this meet. A fox, which apparently

had not been hunted, entered the Congregational Church, within a few yards of where the meet took place. The doors of the church were left open on Thursday morning, and the fact that the fox had entered there was only discovered by the caretaker on the following Saturday morning, about ten o'clock. When the caretaker went into the church on Saturday morning she found that the cloth had been pulled off the table in the vestry, the collection boxes were scattered all over the floor, also an inkpot; but more serious damage was caused by the fact that a small christening font was lying on the floor of the vestry, broken. The upholstering on some of the chairs had been torn, and in the nave of the church at least one of the hassocks had been partly destroyed. The caretaker could not understand the meaning of all this upset. However, shortly after the discovery she noticed a little terrier dog which she took with her was busy chasing a fox round the aisles of the church. It went round the church twice, and then escaped through the main entrance of the building, and apparently went to its earth, which is believed to be in a sand hole within three hundred yards of the church. No one went in the church between Thursday afternoon and Saturday morning, except for a short time on Friday night, when an organist went in to practice on the organ. It is quite possible that, apart from the pangs of hunger, the melodious notes of the organ perturbed Mr. Reynard as much as anything else in his strange surroundings.—K. C.

HERRING-NETS IN CHURCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At the well-known Yorkshire fishing village of Flamborough, famous for its rocky headland and lighthouse, there has just been held the Fishermen's Festival in the beautiful old church, arranged by the vicar, the Rev. H. Rigby, the churchwardens and others, at which a herring-net with herrings in it is slung across the church, the only place to my knowledge where this most interesting ceremony is performed in the county. The accompanying photograph shows a view of the same, with the silken banner of the Fishermen's Association hung up at the west end of the church, representing on one side "Unity is Strength," where a child is breaking a single stick in pieces, and the efforts of a strong man are unavailing to move several of the same placed together in a bundle. On the other side is illustrated a Flamborough fishing coble making for the shore in a gale of



HERRING-NET IN FLAMBOROUGH CHURCH.

wind, under close-reefed sail, and with one of the fishermen on board bailing out the water. The magnificent old oak rood-screen stretches across the chancel arch, which is considered to belong to the early part of the fifteenth century, and was once elaborately painted in black, crimson, blue and gold. This screen in the East Riding Antiquarian Society's Report for 1893 is said to be an almost unique example of a carved rood-screen of wood. The church was decorated for the Harvest Festival, which took place a couple of days before the Herring Festival. Unfortunately, the hardy Flamborough fishermen have very little to be thankful for as regards this year's herring season, for it has been one of the worst experienced for many years. Among other treasures or objects of interest in Flamborough Church are the fine old Norman font and part of a hagioscope or squint as it is supposed to be, in the north pier of the chancel arch (nave side). This, it is presumed, was used by the lepers before the north aisle was built, to view the elevation of the Host at the High Altar, as these most unfortunate people were not allowed to come inside the church; and in the vestry Mr. Rigby has in a frame a pair of white gloves cut out of paper, which originally used to hang on the rood-screen. These paper gloves were hung up in the church at the funeral of a Miss Major, who died in the year 1771. This ancient custom used to be observed in many parts of the country at the funeral of a maiden. It was followed at Flamborough for the last time in that year, and these are the only pair of these paper gloves that I know of that are still existent in the country. There are traditions of them in several old churches, but unfortunately they have all been lost or destroyed. In very few villages now are His Majesty's mails delivered by a lady; but for thirty-one years Mrs. Chadwick has officiated in the most useful capacity of post-woman, winter and summer and in all weathers taking each morning one half of the village, while her husband does the other half; and when her labours in this department are over, the ginger-beer and post-card stall at the foot of the lighthouse on Flamborough Head, presided over by this hale and hearty old lady, are well known to all visitors to that famous headland. The lighthouse, though not nearly so destructive to birds as that at Spurn Point, which lies more in the line of their migration, has still, at various times, accounted for a good many birds, and among them numerous rarities; but the chief interest in this connection lies in the fact that many years ago, in the days of the old thin square panes of glass, a teal duck, a very swift bird on the wing, flew clean through the glass one night in a heavy north-easterly gale; the wind put the light out, and it was some little time before it could be relighted. This bird was fortunately preserved, and is in the possession of a Flamborough lady, whom I have often tried to induce to part with it, without success.

The great earth-work cutting off Flamborough from Bampton and Sewerby, some two and a-half miles in length, is still, in places, over sixty feet in height, with the remains of the deep trench below known as the Danes' Dyke, because last used by those fierce warriors. It is much older than their times and, from the many stone implements found in and around it, must have been erected in pre-historic times and used successively by the Romans, Saxons, Angles, Normans and Danes.—OXLEY GRAHAM.

THE CARP AND THE COW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A very extraordinary story comes to us from America. Possibly our insular prejudice may regard that as a suspicious source. But this story is not only extraordinary because of the obvious sincerity with which it is told, but also because of the minute detail of time and place in which it is given, and because of the apparent confidence of the narrator that it will be accepted without a doubt. The story is of a milk-giving Guernsey cow which was found, for some unaccountable reason, to be less productive of milk than was to be expected of her. The experts called in to consultation were unable to suggest the reason or the remedy. At length some Sherlock Holmes of a farm hand observed that it was this cow's custom to go every evening somewhat deeply into a large pond and stand there for some fifteen minutes. Suspicion was aroused of the possibility that while she was so standing her milk was being taken from her by a very large carp which was known to inhabit this pond. Some patient angling was rewarded by the capture of the carp, and when it was opened its capacious stomach was found to be entirely full of milk. This seemed like circumstantial evidence of the first degree against the carp as the abstracter of the milk of the cow, and when it was strengthened by the cow immediately giving to the pail a fair and full supply that evidence became strong enough to convict any "fishy character." That is the story. It is really one of which it is hardly to be said that we believe it because it is impossible—impossible, at least, for human ingenuity to invent. We may scarcely believe, indeed, that there is any limit set to that ingenuity in America. But it is not wholly incredible. That the carp should be at first attracted by the cow's udders, as she stood cooling herself in the water, and should make trial of them out of curiosity, is not nearly as difficult to credit as many natural happenings with which observation has made us quite familiar; and having once tasted and found them good it is not surprising that the fish should resort to them again on a second chance being given. Nor is the cow's part in the story any more difficult to conceive. Finding herself gratefully relieved of the pressure of the milk, she would be quite likely to come again to the spot where she had enjoyed the relief once, and so the custom may have grown. Like many another strange tale which we put at first into the category of those which Münchhausen made popular, a second look and further thought make it seem not wholly unreasonable. At all events, we have found ourselves compelled, by sheer weight of evidence, if not of actual experience, to believe many a one that is more hard to credit, though at first glance they may not have struck us as so remote from common occurrence.—P.

THE SWALLOWS' INVASION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I ask you to insert the following incident in your valuable paper, and perhaps some of your readers may be able to tell me if it is an unusual occurrence. On the stormy morning of October 12th we noticed the sudden arrival of very large numbers of swallows, which kept wheeling round the front of our house and that of our neighbour. After a time we ceased our observations, but were greatly surprised towards the close of the same day to see several swallows perched upon the sash of an open window, and one little bird clung to the curtain, quite undisturbed by our close proximity. Room evidently being scarce, our rare visitors called to some more of their clan, and the invitation was so eagerly accepted that there was not standing place for them all, in consequence of which two birds lost their footing and fell down between the two sashes. Perturbed at the swallows' dilemma, my sister gently moved the invaders from their glass prison; but they were not in the slightest degree alarmed, and one quietly walked over the hand of their deliverer. The last we saw of them that night was that they had taken possession of a disused nest under the eaves (an old family seat), and it was most remarkable to see the quantities of long tails sticking out in all directions. Early the next morning the nest was deserted and we thought the birds had all departed, but we soon found our neighbour's conservatory was full of them, and, upon enquiry, were much interested to hear that on going to an upper room late in the afternoon of the preceding day the little invaders were found in full possession of the apartment, and the space between the sashes of the widely opened window was quite full of these little birds. Not liking to turn them out in the cold and rain, our friends collected about fifty swallows and put them into a large basket, which they lightly covered with a sheet and then liberated the strange contents in the conservatory. During the next morning, when the sun had reappeared, the birds gradually made their exit through the open door and skylight. I may add that my friend, going to her nursery during the evening, found many swallows on the open window-sashes, but the electric light in no way disturbed the serenity of the small visitors, who only stared at their hostess.—E. J. ROWLAND.

THE LAST OF THE LITTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Replying to your correspondent's enquiry in your issue of October 15th, in North-East Cheshire the smallest of the litter is known as "the writhling," and the villagers often call a weak and delicate child a "writhling," or more often, "poor little writ." And the "writhling" of a piggy litter is very often a "poor little writ" to the end, as it invariably gets relegated to a deaf teat, and it only exists by illegitimately taking a little milk from the almost empty teats belonging to its more robust brethren after they have had sufficient and retired. Even when old enough to feed from the trough it gets buffeted about till the others have had their fill, and has to be content with their leavings, if any. A "writhling's" life is a hard one as long as it stays with the family.—S. HAMPSON.

A WHITE HEDGEHOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have in my possession a young albino hedgehog, white, with pink eyes. Is not this very rare? A naturalist friend tells me that he has never seen or, he thinks, heard of such a thing before.—C. J. WINTLE.

[The albino hedgehog is not very rare. Mr. Millais, in his classic work on mammals, says he has seen about twenty.—Ed.]

THE FAMOUS OLD BRIDGE OF "KINTAIBASHI" OF JAPAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—terrible attack of Modern Civilization to Japan is a most Rapidite. Every River Bridge has now altered by English style. But only one, the famous old Bridge of "Kintaibashi" over the River of "Iwahumi" Left her characteristic style of Poetic Japan. She has been constructed 1714. Nearly 200 years ago.

has probably going to abolished them and Japan will make new steal Bridge.

Japan. Japanese itself has wellcomed civilization. But much regret losing their old artistic work, the world is now too artificial.—J. M.

SUDDEN DEATH OF FISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can explain the following. I have a pond in my garden varying in depth from ten inches to two feet and covering about fifty superficial yards. The pond is shaded by two large sycamore trees and one ash, which have just shed their leaves, many falling into the pond, which was stocked with about two dozen golden orfe, six inches long, the same number of small goldfish, and eleven large ones. All the fish seemed to be in good health until yesterday, when my gardener noticed that they were swimming in a sluggish manner close to the surface. I found that eight of the largest goldfish were dead, and all the rest, including the golden orfe, were dying; but they quickly recovered on being removed and placed in fresh water.—R. B.

[It is quite possible that the decaying leaves of the ash tree have caused the mischief, though it is curious that the fish were not affected in the same way last autumn. Before condemning the tree be quite sure that no road drainage can enter the pond, as motor petrol has proved fatal in that way. In any case, the water must be drawn off and the pond cleared of all dead leaves before the fish are put back. If you wish to replace those which died, it would be worth while trying the Japanese higoi, which are now being brought into this country. They are not the many-tailed goldfish with which we have been familiar for some years past, but a plain goldfish of a very good colour and reported to be extremely hardy. It is rather curious that the golden orfe have survived the pollution, whatever its cause, while the goldfish have succumbed, as the orfe, which are members of the perch family, would feel the effects of stagnant water, one would think, much more acutely than the carp.—Ed.]

QUAINT PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hope you may think the enclosed photographs of my ring-tailed lemur worthy of a place in COUNTRY LIFE. The one in the little chair shows his characteristic attitude when warming himself in the sun or before the fire. It is even more quaint before the fire, as he then sits on the seat of the chair with his feet on the fender, just like a little old man. In the other picture he is enjoying a begonia in the garden. He is a most endearing little fellow, perfectly tame and so affectionate, as well as highly amusing in all his ways. His only drawback is his extreme liveliness



THE BRIDGE OF KINTAIBASHI.



THE RING-TAILED LEMUR "AT HOME."



IN THE GARDEN.

and excitability, which, I believe, is common to all lemurs, and makes him rather a dangerous neighbour to china or any breakable articles if he is loose. I should be very glad to hear from any of your other readers who have lemurs and could give me any hints as to their food and general welfare, as this is the first one I have kept, and I find him rather dainty and difficult to feed.—M. A. SANDERSON.

THE FOOD OF GOLDFISH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the garden of a villa in Florence, where I have been staying, is one of the usual circular cement reservoirs, with a water jet in the centre. In this little tank there are nine goldfish of various sizes. One of them, which is supposed to answer to the name of Beppo, is a fat monster of nearly half a pound. I have been trying to find out what diet goldfish like the best, and have come to the conclusion that nothing appeals to them to such an extent as snails, especially small ones with the shells unbroken. Large snails they seem to find somewhat cloying to the appetite, and do not eat them all straight off. I have prepared the big snails by removing most of their shells; some of the shell, however, remains clinging to the snail, and I have noticed that by the following day not only are the snails themselves all gone, but the bit of shell as well. The little snails, when thrown in, are invariably taken at once. The goldfishes' pharyngeal teeth are no doubt capable of crushing hard food without difficulty. In feeding the fish on flies, I notice that, like higher animals, they possess individuality. One middle-sized goldfish, which is easily recognisable from the rest owing to a black mark on its nose, takes flies much more readily than any of the others. To test this I threw in twelve flies at once, and black nose took eight of them. Beppo and another of nearly the same size, like large trout, have almost given up surface feeding, and it is very seldom that either of these two can be induced to take a fly at all. Beppo, however, sucked in a large green tree-bug which I dropped on the water, and then immediately ejected it; evidently the taste did not please him. I may add that the snail diet is apparently as fattening as it is pleasant. I notice a growing rotundity in the shoal already, after only a week of the new food.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

THE LARK AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can nothing be done to discredit the disgusting practice of eating larks? Surely such a bird, the finest songster we have and one of the most useful birds, living entirely on insects and without a single vice, is worthy of a better fate than to be tied on a string and labelled "fat larks, one and nine a dozen." Considering that they are only sold in good class shops and eaten by the well-educated class, I think it is a disgrace to the country, that with all the high education the middle and upper classes have to-day, there are large numbers among them whose appetite is so degraded that they must eat God's finest songster, the lark, a practice worthy of the time of Nero and the Pagan days, when jaded appetites had to be tempted with the tongues of nightingales. It is bad enough to eat plovers, considering how useful they are; but for the eating of larks no excuse can be offered, except that the person who wants them must be a glutton with the most depraved longing one could have, and is a disgrace to the country.—C. W.

